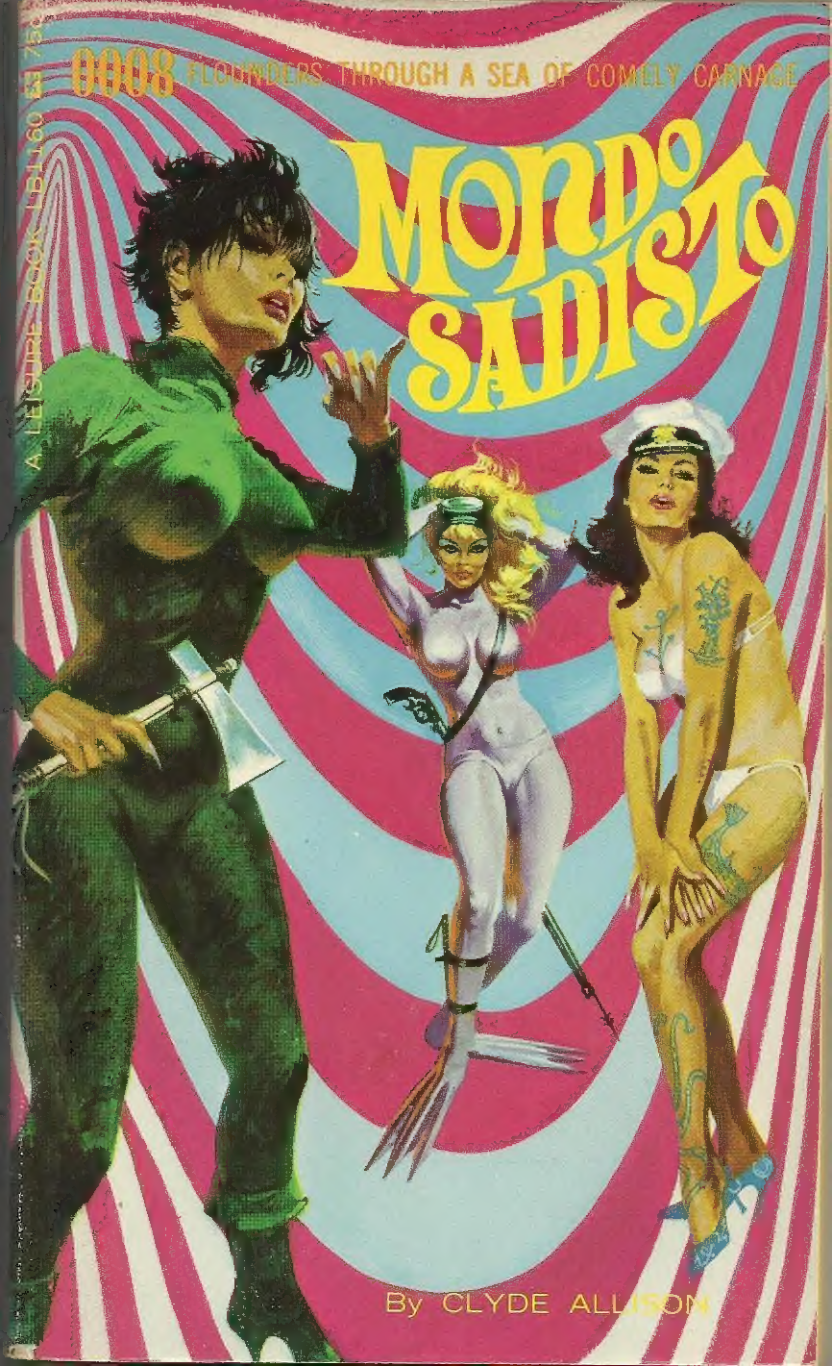
A LEISURE BOOK LB160 75¢
0008 FLOUNDERS THROUGH A SEA OF COMELY CARNAGE
MONDO SADISTO
By CLYDE ALLISON

MONDO SADISTO

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Prologue

"OURS MAY NOT BE A particularly lustful age, but it is a sexually irritated age. The Motion Picutre Association's Code, although it precludes references to normal sexuality, has not succeeded in freeing films from an intense and abnormal erotic atmosphere. The history in a social cultures is one of progressive deviation away from the celebration of love and pleasure toward outlets more and more abnormal and more and more divorced from genital sexuality." Alex Comfort, Sex in Society (Pelican).

Once again Hollywood, that Glamour Capital of the Free World, had come up with a smashing idea—A Secret Agent Semi-Documentary! And when they chose SADISTO as the subject for their MONDO-type flick, they were confident that they wouldn't have

to worry about any intense erotic atmosphere. From the little they could learn about SADISTO's ultrasecret activities, they concluded that the organization merely killed, maimed, tortured and, whenever possible, massacred the sinister enemies of the Free World.

Little did the California dreamers realize what they were in for! How could they have known that the dreaded triple-zero agents were trained not only to kill, but to love—whenever possible!

But with blind good luck, Hollywood chose the perfect girl for the job, that petite redheaded writer-director-producer, and also camerawoman, Cin Scopes! And when G, the mystery-man leader of SADISTO, heard about Hollywood's offer, he knew he had just the man to give Cin what she wanted—and she wanted plenty once she got a look at him—that dark, saturnine devil of an agent, Trevor Anderson, also known as 000!

Cin wanted action, and Trev knew where the action was! 000 loaded her camera for her and they were off...off to play games with the vicious Serra S. Brandt and her KRUNCH kronies. And the stakes, as usual were love and death!

1

ALONG THE NARROW, danger-fraught highway that leaps from island to island to the Florida Keys the crimson Ferrari raced. The blonde and naked girl who was my quarry spinning the wheel expertly, almost nonchalantly, as she threaded her speeding car past lumbering trucks and meandering tourist station wagons.

She must have been doing a hundred-fifty, to say the least.

I smiled. I, in my clattering helicopter, could clock two hundred plus. I gunned the throttle, tilted the rotors and closed in on my speeding prey.

Through instinct I touched the dum-dum loaded, silencer-fitted Walther PPK cradled under my left armpit. Enough firepower to destroy eight luscious, shockingly naked blonde maidens such as my quarry.

Below me the blood-red Ferrari spun, tires howling, around a slow-moving mobile-home atop a truck-trailer, gunned full out along the narrow Seven Mile Bridge.

A hundred-sixty. Hundred-seventy. Hundred-

eighty. A burst of unexpected speed. Two hundred...

I smiled, shoved forward the throttle; finished, leisurely, my triple dry Martini—shaken, not stirred—cradled the glass, sent the helicopter speeding lower.

Now only a dozen, only ten, only five feet separated me from the supercharged sports car and the erotically naked blonde below.

I could see her smile twist into a grimace of fury in her rearview mirror as she saw me thunder closer.

Soon, I chortled to myself, *all too soon I'll get you, young lady! Get you and choke your luscious neck until your face turns purple and your voluptuous body writhes and twists in the early stages of your death agonies...*

The scarlet Ferrari gained speed but so did I. An instant later, after first quickly shedding my clothes to rid myself of excess weight, I clambered out onto the landing gear of my helicopter. Launched myself into space—straight at the erotically contoured body of my shapely female foe...

THUD! I landed astraddle her, my naked legs circling her waist, my naked right hand gripping her throat—while my naked left hand got in a few quick feels over and around her sumptously curved breasts: Dual delectable domes of ripe, rich, resilient fun flesh tipped with turgid turrets of erect-pulsing responsive nipple-flesh.

"Mercy! Mercy!" she screamed, while the Ferrari swerved wildly as she took her hands from the steering wheel in a vain attempt to dislodge my throttling right hand.

Adroitly I squirmed lower, my back against the leather padding of the Ferrari's front seat, my front against her nude and contactually exciting back—and lifted one foot to grip the steering-wheel with my trained, prehensile toes.

I swung the speeding car away from the edge of the road with microseconds to spare, kept it racing down the highway at two hundred plus as my left hand

continued to cup and cajole her responsive mammaries and my right hand continued to squeeze her slender throat.

"I'm dying, 0008, dying!" she screeched. "I only ask one favor before you finish me off. Though Heaven knows, a sin-drenched doll such as I richly deserves being finished off. I only ask you—how did you catch up with me? This Ferrari is supposed to do two-fifty..."

"And it would have, too," I cackled, as I tightened my lethal grip on her swan-like throat, "if you'd taken the simple precaution of installing a set of new TwiLite Spark Plugs—such as I have in my helicopter. You die now, Nationally Advertised Brand-blind doxie!"

"Eeeeek!" she screamed.

"Awwwwk!" I moaned.

The reason she screamed *Eeeeek!* and I moaned *Awwwwk!* was that, inadvertently, my sweat-drenched big toe had slipped off the steering wheel. The Ferrari lunged toward the concrete guard-rail and—

CRUNCH!

Right through same, which resulted—

SPLASH!

"Help, help! I'm drowning!" screamed my victim.

"You and me both!" I screamed. "Help, help!"

For if she was drowning, then so too was I. There had to be an easier way of moonlighting, I mused hurriedly, as I spouted water from my nose and mouth. Though the action had been exciting if dangerous, I was coming swiftly to the conclusion that it might be safer to pick up a few extra dollars by selling my memoirs, serialized, of course, to one of those racy men's magazines. And believe me, those true if exciting, danger-packed adventures would give a shot in the—ah—er—arm to any mag, men's or not. It had crossed my mind that I could reap dollars doubly if not voluminously somehow in this manner, if I but knew how.

Perhaps I could play one against the other....

Meanwhile the Ferrari sank beneath us...

Minutes later a SADISTO Crash Boat picked us up, naked and spluttering.

"What a ghastly way to make a living!" muttered my incredibly voluptuous naked blonde "victim" as she was hoisted erotically over the side.

"You can say that again!" I groaned, as shapely female SADISTO agent hands reached down to pull me up.

"Just wait," gasped 00046, who had played the part of my blonde victim, "until I tell the General what I think of him!"

"I'll join you!" I wheezed.

And did.

"General," I snarled, hours later back at SADISTO's hidden headquarters beneath the rolling hills of Maryland, as 00046 and I stood indignantly before our commanding officer inside his luxurious office fifteen stories below ground. "General, this is too much!"

"Corny, too," snapped 00046, nursing her bruised neck.

"And shockingly commercial," I added, rubbing my bruised right hand.

The General frowned. "Why don't you look at it as a training exercise. That's it—a training exercise."

"Bah!" said 00046 and I in unison.

"That's enough!" snapped the General. "An order is an order! 00046, you will fly at dawn to Tangiers, where you will meet 00085. You will pursue him at speeds exceeding one hundred miles an hour through the twisted streets of the Old Quarter, you on a white motorcycle, 00085 on a black one. The camera truck, of course, will be right behind you.

"After some spectacular climbs over and rammings through of fruit stalls and the like, you will

lasso him, jerk him from his motorcycle. You will then say: 'Too bad your black motorcycle wasn't fitted with TwiLite Spark Plugs!' And, if he's still alive and conscious, 00085 will groan: 'You can say that again!' Which you will do."

"At least I'm to play the good guy—I mean good girl," sighed 00046.

"That's the spirit!" said the General. "And you, 0008, will also leave at dawn—for Lake Chad. You will drive a souped-up swamp buggy through the treacherous, crocodile-packed African marshes pursuing 00033 who..."

He consulted a casting book, frowned. "...who is still in Singapore shooting a perfume commercial. Rather a good line she has, too—*I'd never have lured you to your doom, Hong Kong Fong, save for my Amour Amok perfume*...Well, I'll just have to assign you 00099. She finished shooting her, *I Dreamed I Eviscerated An Alleged Enemy Agent With My Kut-Klean Karving Knife* spot early, and should be en route from Port Said right now."

"General," I groaned, "why are we doing this?"

A frown creased the General's face. "In one word, 0008—money." He held up his pudgy hand. "Oh, it's not as serious as that ghastly budget cut that sent us all out moonlighting—an incident I believe you chronicled rather luridly in the memoir you saw fit to call *The Desdamona Affair*, 0008—but it's serious."

He poured himself a stiff drink of grain alcohol laced with distilled water, downed it. "In fact, it's so serious that I'm afraid our Entertainment budget may have to be slashed in half this month."

"No recreational orgies?" gasped 00046.

"Oh, the orgies will continue," assured the General. "But I'm afraid we'll have to curtail our hiring of professional, uh, entertainers and, uh, circus performers. Which reminds me."

He picked up a phone. "Caligulina? Cancel the

booking for Betty and her trained Shetland pony. Also that of Sensua and her trained erotic pythons. And nix our bid to Lascivia and her lewd sea lions."

I gasped. SADISTO's weekly orgies, held on the ninth or Orgy level, were traditional. Every agent not on assignment attended them. Naturally, since they were always as shocking as any carnal caper Ancient Rome ever imagined and much more spectacular than most of Buss Berkeley's musicals.

"These budget cuts come at a hard time," muttered the General. "*Cloak and Dagger Digest*, was planning an eight-page photo spread about SADISTO's HQ. And *Black Chamber Magazine* was... Well, enough of my personal heartbreaks. So I don't make their cover as Espionage Man of the Year..."

"General," cried 00046. "How awful..."

"Awful for us too," I said coldly. "These commercials are degrading, demeaning, hard work and..."

"I suppose," said the General, with acid dripping frim his tongue (lycergic acid, I suspected), "that you are too dignified to stoop to making commercials? Charley Brown can make commercials, L'il Abner can make commercials, Dick Tracy can make commercials, but Trevor Anderson, better known as 0008, opposes capitalism. You turning left-wing, 0008?"

"Certainly not," I protested. "But aren't we risking potential security leaks? Like my face..."

"Will be blacked out by strategically placed black bars in the finished commercial," said the General. "As will the faces, or most of the faces, of all my triple-zero agents. Naturally I don't intend to compromise security. Neither," he added, "do I intend to pass up a chance to make a quick buck. A quick few hundred thousand bucks, to be precise. Those Madison Avenue agencies don't care how much money they spend."

"That may be all very well for SADISTO's slush fund," I argued. "But..."

"But shut your mutinous trap!" snarled the General. "SADISTO has made a name for itself. What's wrong with capitalizing on our name and reputation? Did the Army silence Sergeant What's-his-name when he made a mint from *The Ballad of the S. S.*, subtitled *Please Don't Discuss Our Interrogation Methods With The Mothers of America?* Certainly not. My motto is: What's good, financially speaking, for Dick Tracy is good for SADISTO. My only regret is that we don't have more commercial offers."

A gold telephone jangled on his desk. He scooped it up.

"Who? B.O. and P.U.? Representing Parkinson's Pep and Potency Pills? Eight commercials, huh? Fifty grand a commercial plus royalties on reruns, eh? Done! I'll ink the contract as soon as you send it."

He hung up, scribbled a note on a fresh copy of *Advertising Age*, and turned back to us.

"Where was I? Oh, yes. Finalizing casting arrangements. To repeat, 0008, you leave at dawn—to drive a swamp buggy at full speed through the snake and tsetse fly infested marshes of Lake Chad. Pursuing 00099 in another swamp buggy. After a grisly and dangerous chase you will catch her, simultaneously with the camera crew in the helicopter above, because..."

"She doesn't have TwiLite Spark Plugs in her swamp buggy?" I queried.

The General consulted a notebook. "No, you catch her because her gasoline doesn't contain superfractionated LSD additives. Your line to her, as you thrash in the mud amid the man- and girl-eating crocodiles is..."

His gold phone jangled again.

"G here," he snapped. "Who? Really? From Hollywood, the glamour capital of the world? What kind of an offer? That much, eh? Right! Consider the deal finalized. Two million on the barrel-head plus twenty per cent of the gross take. Roger. See you in the morning. Who? Oh, yes. Happens I have the ideal man right

here. Over and out."

He hung up.

"Consider that Lake Chad caper canceled, 0008," he said crisply.

"Oh happy day!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," continued the General, "it's no more commercials for you, 0008, sometimes known as Trevor Anderson. Starting tomorrow morning you will be the star, as long as you survive, of our first full-length documentary movie—*Mondo SADISTO!*"

"Oh, no!" I gasped.

"Oh yes!" cackled the General.

And, since the General signs my paychecks, you don't have to waste time guessing which of us won the argument...

And thus began the most shocking, the most hazardous and the most erotic assignment of my career...

2

AFTER LEAVING THE General's office I wended my way, morosely, to the cafeteria on Level Four. Usually I have gourmet meals brought to me in my luxurious suite, but that evening I didn't feel like being mostly alone while I ate. (I say 'mostly' alone because SADISTO's Room Service really swings. Your gourmet meals are wheeled in by a pair of smiling bare-breasted—cleared for Ultrasecret—waitresses. A smiling bare-breasted wine stewardess whispers the wine list suggestively into your ear, and a smiling bare-breasted *Maitresse d'* fondles you erotically while awaiting your commands.

Usually a modest floor show is supplied, too—a brace of topless disco-dancers jumping and gyrating to an all-girl rock group like *Les Animalettes*, or a bare-breasted ballerina doing a bit from Swan Lake, according to one's mood.)

But that evening, like I say, I didn't feel like eating almost alone.

"I don't feel like eating almost alone this evening," I confided to 00038, a ravishingly lovely redhead, as I

got my platinum tray and platinum-wear and joined her in the cafeteria line.

"I did," snapped 00038, tossing her long tawny tresses. "But they told me room service has been temporarily discontinued. As a temporary economy measure. Caviar, please," she added to the topless cafeteria girl behind the platinum counter.

"You making a commercial tomorrow, 00038?" queried the cafeteria cutie, her platinum serving spoon hovering over the tray of caviar.

"No, thank Satan," said 00038. "I wound up a nail-polish commercial yesterday. *Revel nail-polish puts a super-tough plastic coating on your nails, girls—so tough we SADISTO girls think nothing of using our fingernails to rip to shreds naked captive alleged enemy agents! Like this!*"

"Fancy," I muttered.

"Fact," said 00038. "Are my fingernails sore! I had to do five retakes. Though," she added with a sadistic smile, "you ought to see the mess I made of five alleged enemy agents. Hey!" she protested to the girl behind the counter. "I asked for caviar, not baked beans!"

"Sorry," said the cafeteria chick. "No luxury foods for triple-zero agents unless they're leaving on a perilous assignment or making a commercial. What'll you have, 0008?"

"Caviar," I said. "I'm making a SADISTO documentary movie tomorrow."

"Two helpings for you, then!" gasped the obviously impressed female food forker.

"Bah!" said 00038.

And I could not help but sympathize with her.

After wolfing my caviar in silence—I felt too listless to do more than play footsie, kneesie and thighsie with 00038 while I ate—I wended my way morosely down to the target range (the largest and finest in the Free World).

"Hi, 0008!" called Fletchette, the new Assistant Vice President of the Weapons Department. "Here for a little live target practice?" she queried, batting her sooty eye-lashes and tossing her midnight-black hair.

NOTE

As most of my millions of readers know, SADISTO agents keep in fighting trim, maintain their professional skills and relax themselves by shooting at live human targets—usually captured enemy agents, condemned voluptuous teen-age girl criminals we "borrow" from death-row on the pretense of studying their psychological reactions, and other alleged enemies of the Free World.

But although the advantages as well as the fun of this system should be ovbious, some readers don't seem to approve of it. Many send me angry letters about it, in fact (as if I were to blame! I'm only a cog in the system—albeit a pretty important cog)—letters frequently accompanied by time bombs, rattlesnakes and deadly cave scorpions. Gifts I always rewrap and mark *Return to Sender*.

To stop this irksome flow of missives and missiles, let me restate my oft stated position: What's wrong with using live human beings as targets?

Military men of every major army throughout history have tested new weapons—or new techniques with old weapons—on live, screaming targets.

If a war happens to be going on at the time, so much the better. If not, they simply travel to the nearest country that is having a war, as military observers. After first having supplied one or both sides with the weapons they'd like to see tested in action.

Please do not accuse me of political bias in stating this. Professional military men of all political persuasions (or rather, military men serving

nations of all political persuasions, since military men tend to be apolitical; i.e., they don't care whom they kill), military men of all nations, I say, jump at the chance to try out their new gadgets on live human beings. Back in 1937, for example, both the Communists and Fascists had a ball testing new weapons in Spain. Spain, I understand, hasn't completely recovered yet.

SADISTO has simply refined this time-tested practice. Refined and improved it, for we kill our targets under controled, laboratory conditions.

I hope this will convince all doubters. And lessen the flow of bombs to SADISTO.

"Wool gathering again, 0008?" said Fletchette. "I asked you if you were here to shoot a few live targets for kicks—and practice, of course...?"

"Why not?" I said, selecting an odd looking submachine gun from a rack of new weapons. "What's this?"

"A SADISTO Storm Gun," said Fletchette proudly. "An original SADISTO design, based on the U.S. Air Force's original Mini-gun, which in turn uses principles worked out by the Germans in World War II."

"I've read about the Mini-gun," I said. "It uses an electric motor to speed the action of the machine gun so it can fire six thousand rounds a minute. They're mounting them on C-47s."

"Right," said Fletchette. "This lightweight model only fires five thousand rounds a minute—.22 long-rifle slugs—and is battery powered. It also comes with an extension cord if you chance to use it indoors near a wall plug. It's a fun gun. Try it, why don't you?"

"I will, I will," I said, moving down the target range to Lane Four, currently decked out to resemble a jungle.

"Mark!" I yelled and, a moment later, a trapdoor in the ceiling swung open and down through a Teflon-

coated chute whizzed a nude teen-age alleged enemy of the Free World, to land with a thud in the middle of a simulated jungle.

She let out a scream, looked around her wildly.

I smiled, leveled the gun from my hip, opened fire. Usually it's considered more sporting to wait until your live target is running for his or her life, moving targets being harder to hit, but that evening I didn't feel sporting.

The sub-machine gun roared deafeningly, the shots coming so fast they were indistinguishable. And I must admit, the effect upon the quivering nude target was remarkable. Like she went cartwheeling end over end under the impact of my bullets. Screaming.

It was rather like sending a rag doll rolling by directing a high pressure garden hose on it. Seconds later the gun clicked empty; and my nude target, now speckled from head to foot with crimson circles, stopped rolling and climbed to her feet.

Screaming.

"But I said I was sorry I burned my draft card!" she screamed. "They sent it to me by mistake anyway—I'm not yet eighteen!"

"That's deplorable!" I gasped. "I know a .22 doesn't have much knock-down power, but it's supposed to have plenty of killing power. And I riddled that target."

"You only thought you did," sighed Fletchette. "The gun was loaded with wax bullets impregnated with red dye to mark hits." She pushed a button and the target disappeared screaming down another trapdoor. "The new economy measures have forced us to start reusing our live targets. That chick's been machine-gunned five times today."

"That's shocking!" I cried. "That's really carrying economy too far. Things must be tight." And for the first time I began to wonder if perhaps the General was being sensible after all in augmenting SADISTO's

income. Then I remembered my coming assignment and changed my mind.

"Care to try a little bow-and-arrow practice with rubber-tipped arrows?" asked Fletchette.

"No, thank you," I sighed. "It just wouldn't be the same. Uh, anything new from Weapons R and D?"

"Rather!" said Fletchette proudly. "You read the newspaper accounts about recorded voice patterns? Each person's voice pattern is unique and can't be faked?"

"Of course I read them," I snapped. "They've been admitted as legal evidence in court for the first time."

"And did you read where the civilian scientist who did most of the development work said that locks could be built which would respond only to the spoken command of one person—whether he or she whispered or shouted the command?"

"Sure," I said. "What's so new about that? We've been using the same gimmick here at SADISTO for years—the main entrance only opens when a triple-zero agent says: 'Open Sesame!' Anybody else could scream and beg and implore for years and the lock would pay no attention. You know," I added, "I've always wondered how the General came to select that particular phrase— 'Open Sesame!'"

"That's an easy one," said Fletchette, who, I recalled, loved to study old case-histories and SADISTO records. "They used to have a door with a peephole, manned by a chick named Sesame. She's working in the cafeteria now."

"Yet another example of a job being eliminated by automation," I muttered. "But to repeat, what's new about voice-activiated devices?"

"Simply," said Fletchette, "that we in Weapons R and D have done some fine work in miniaturizing mono vocal-activated gadgets." She pulled out a ball-point pen, held it before me. "Say 'now'," she suggested.

I did so.

"Fine," said Fletchette. "Now the activating mechanism is keyed to the word now in your vocal patterns."

She pressed a button. Another, nearer trapdoor slid open in the ceiling and—

Thud!

A shapely female prisoner landed in front of us, rather heavily, too, since she landed on a concrete floor. She picked herself up, muttering vulgarly in Chinese—Red Chinese, of course.

But even without the linguistic clue, I'd have spotted the curvaceous cutie as the proven enemy of the Free World she was: by her dark, straight, shining hair, her saffron colored skin, her almond-colored eyes, and the red tattoo of Chou En-lai on her left breast.

"This Marxist maiden was captured while spying on a C.I.A. agent who was spying on a teen-age Viet Cong girl who was sun-bathing," Fletchette tersely explained.

To the chesty Chinese chick she snapped (in Red Chinese): "Prisoner, you are one of the lucky ones. Your exchange has just been arranged. Report through that blue door, where you will fill out the necessary documents."

The sullen, new-caught Red renegade nodded blank-faced, wheeled.

"Wait!" snapped Fletchette. "You will need a ball-point pen to complete the documents. Tuck this in your belt."

The disdainful damsel snatched the pen, tucked it in her red belt—the only garment she wore—and stalked arrogantly toward the blue door Fletchette had indicated, marching down Lane Five, which currently was rigged to resemble a stretch of desert terrain. Her saffron breasts bounced as she strutted, her golden buttocks writhing erotically if arrogantly from side to side.

When she was about halfway there, which is to say

fifty yards away (we have some pretty fair-sized target ranges at SADISTO) Fletchette murmured: "Any time you care to say the word, 0008..."

"Now?" I queried.

KAH-BLAM!

We both ducked as shapely fragments of the late, unlamented teen-age enemy agent flew in all directions.

"Looks like the jokes on me," chuckled Fletchette. "Thought there was a blank in that pen. Well, we won't get to reuse that target!"

"No," I said, "but...never mind." The remark I had been about to make was to ask if it hadn't been a bit sneaky to lie to the now defunct damsel. But I realized, in time to prevent making a fool of myself, that telling fibs was part and parcel of the secret-agent profession. Besides, Fletchette hadn't known the pen was loaded.

Aloud I said: "That was a splendid, extremely convincing demonstration, Fletchette. I can see many profitable applications for voice-coded gadgets like that. For instance, supposing I had to search a house..."

"Heh, heh!" said Fletchette.

"Not necessarily—though preferably, of course—a house of ill repute. Suppose, I say, I had to search a house—a chore I perform all the time. I could voice-code a score of those pens to explode when I said a number from one to twenty. Leave them hidden around the place as I searched. Then, if some enemy agents should sneak up and get the drop on me..."

"Which no doubt happens all the time," sneered Fletchette.

"It happens more often that I care to admit," I admitted. "If that happened, all I'd have to do is remember which number pen bomb I'd planted behind my foes, mutter the number and—blam! My troubles would be over. Likewise the troubles of my foes—permanently."

"An excellent proposed application," said Fletchette. "You can also reverse-code these bombs, of course."

"Huh?" I said. "I mean, explicate and elucidate, if you please."

"Code them to explode after any faint sound—unless you were whispering the code-safe word."

"I get it," I said. "Suppose I were holed up in a fox-hold in dense jungle surrounded by enemy agents—another situation I seem to get into all the time. I could scatter reverse-coded pens all around me."

"Then when you crawled out to reconoitre the enemy girls," said Fletchette, who was quick on the up-take, "you could keep whispering the code safe-word, like *nix, nix, nix,* or *later, bombs, later.* And they wouldn't blow up. But if anybody else so much as tip-toed close..."

"Blam," I said.

"Exactly. But to continue my round-up of new developments in the weapons field. I suppose you read that the Army has a so-called new formula for napalm?"

"Well..." I began.

"Well you might cry 'Well!'" said Fletchette. "I, too, gasped with horror when I read of it. Why, I discarded that formula long ago. I understand some citizens of Redwood City in California are protesting the construction of a factory to produce napalm to this formula. How right they are! Why I'd be ashamed to live in a city which turned out such a shabby product!"

"Yeah, shabby..." I began.

"Now," said Fletchette, pacing thoughtfully with her lovely young head down and her shapely hands clasped behind her sculptured back, just above her pouting young buttocks. "Now, for deep down, bone-blistering, flesh-charring satisfaction, my favorite formula—suitable for men, women and tiny children alike, equally effective on combattants and non-combattants—is to mix five parts..."

She went on talking earnestly, but not to me. I sneaked away. I'd had enough weapons talk for the evening. Besides, operating in the field I couldn't lug special formula napalm about with me. I had to make my own, relying on the tried-and-true method of mixing plain gasoline with plain soap flakes. If the stuff I made was only ninety per cent efficient, I made up for it by pouring more over my screaming victims.

Then I put business from my mind and started thinking about nicer things—such as sex.

I stuck my head in the door of Computer Control to see if Marghanita was in and in the mood for lust.

She was...and I was!

3

"007!" SQUEALED Marghanita. "So you didn't get pushed into the crater of an erupting volcano in Iceland! How rumors fly around here..."

"I got pushed in all right," I said. "But that was a week ago. I've climbed out since."

"I can see now that your hair is singed in spots," agreed Marghanita. "What exciting, healthy, out-door lives you field-agents lead. Life gets pretty dull for us staff workers, tied to our desks or computers as the case may be."

"Marghanita," I said. "What are you doing standing stark naked save for a skimpy G-string and an emerald in your navel spinning a roulette wheel?"

She winked at me. "So far as the General is concerned, I'm pursuing original research in the Theory of Games, a mathematical discipline which, as you know, has been all the rage with war-games planners for years."

"But off the record?" I persisted.

"My computers and I are working out a system.

Now that topless female dealers are In in Vegas, I figure to get a job there during my vacation. Once behind a roulette wheel..."

"Don't tell me," I said. "I can guess. A sensitive radio transmitter concealed in the emerald in your navel..."

"...will transmit to a relay station a mile away in my hotel room," Marghanita agreed, "which in turn will report directly to EROTICAC IX, the most sophisticated, not to mention jaded of my happy family of computers."

"And EROTICAC IX," I said, "will record not only the numbered holes the little ball bounces into, as called out loud and clear by you, but also the faint—but magnified a million times by the computer—scrapes and squeaks of both wheel and ball as they revolve and/or bounce."

"Right!" said Marghanita proudly. "While a theoretically perfect roulette wheel can't be beaten mathematically by any system, no wheel is perfect. My computers will predict into my shapely ear, via my wired for sound earrings, the numbers most likely to come up. I will then place my bets in accordance with their advice and..."

"But you'll be running the wheel," I pointed out. "When you win the house wins. Also you don't get to bet."

"You're right," frowned Marghanita, plucking the emerald from her navel. "Well, back to the mental drawing boards. What did you want to see me about, 8?" she queried, using my nickname as she deftly removed her skimpy G-string.

"Guess!" I leered.

"Mind reader..." she murmured as she moved sensuously but purposefully toward me.

And as she moved I, (1) stripped and, (2) ogled her luscious female charms.

And believe me, Marghanita has plenty of female

charms to ogle...

She's a big girl, with jutting, high, proud, ripely rounded breasts—twin cupolas of carnal temptation, paired peaks of passionate pleasure flesh...

Her waist is slender, her hips anything but—wide and wanton, wild and willing are Marghanita's hips; hips from which sprout, at right angles (so to speak) the rounded rapture rotundities of her rump and the ripe, rich-fleshed resiliency of her thrilling thighs.

Long-legged, as all big girls should be, Marghanita's thighs and calves are startling, almost staggering in their sweep and length, their feminine grandeur.

She's pretty above the neck, too, is Marghanita: Her hair is thick and black and lustrous, and tumbles in a silken waterfall low enough so that, if she's in a modest mood (which she never is) she can use it as Eve used fig leaves.

In fact there's only one word you can use to sum up Marghanita—and that's the word *sexy*.

(Though, of course, she's also erotic, voluptuous, depraved, lewd and lascivious, thrill-happy and...but the list would be endless; sexy will do to sum it up.)

Meanwhile Marghanita and I had met and merged, met and embraced with the fervor of new lovers, the longing of long-time sex-partners too long separated.

The pneumatic resiliency of her breasts surged hotly against my chest. The silken suppleness of her belly ignited the flesh of my abdomen. The thrusting, twisting, churning lambency of her loins aroused me out of all reason.

Our lips met and locked and her tongue streaked like a lust-crazed serpent into my mouth to fence and twist and writhe and wrestle with mine—erotically...

I slid my hands around her waist, up the smooth span of her back, then down to cup and caress the hot, soft, sleek mounds of her buttocks, kneading and working the supple flesh, twisting it, squeezing it,

savoring her fleshy exuberance...

And still her lips were bruising mine, still her tongue was thrusting and stabbing deep into my mouth as her arms slid around me, stroking me, touching me, teasing me, driving me insane with blind animal passion.

We tottered on our feet in one another's arms, then fell, rapturously, to the foam-rubber padded floor in a thrashing, threshing melee of limbs and loins, clutching hands and squirming torsos.

"Pleasure me!" gasped Marghanita.

And I pleasured her...

While she lay sprawled on her lovely back I straddled her warm waist and began to fondle and caress her fantastically full, magnificently firm up-jutting breasts.

My fingers sank happily into her glossy frontal fun flesh, stroking, cajoling, kneading, fondling, feeling, exploring, enjoying...

I cupped each of her breasts—as much as I could, at least—with my cupping hands, gently shook them until her ripe breast flesh rippled and undulated beneath my tingling palms.

I gently slapped and buffetted her breasts, cajoled them and teasingly slapped them.

I grasped the already erect pinnacles of her throbbing, thrill-seeking nipples, gently tugged at them, lightly twirled them.

Marghanita moaned with delight.

I did the same thing...

And more...

I craned my head forward and buried my face between the soft, hot, contactually exciting inner surface of her glee globes, while Marghanita fondled the nape of my neck and then pressed the outer surfaces of her ripe breasts together so that I felt enveloped in flesh, blissfully drowned in flesh.

Soft, feminine flesh...

Desirable, delectable flesh...

My kind of flesh...

Then I slid off her and knelt beside her supine charms and began to explore the rest of her body.

With my searching hands and fingers and lips and tongue...

I browsed over the swelling summits of her breasts, nibbled teasingly at their richly rounded contours, positioned my lips over each of her nipples in turn and suctioned into my mouth the turgid splendor of her nipples and aureoles.

Then I browsed on, stroking my cheeks against the hot sleek sensuousness of her belly, kissing the dimpled delight of her navel, the sweeping flare of her hips, the long and luscious curves of her thighs...

I kissed her again and again, kissed her where she craved to be kissed, where each of my suctioning, swirling kisses made her whimper and sob with animal delight.

Then I rolled her over and started on her south side.

Up her back and down her back my lips and stroking fingers moved, from the nape of her neck where the heady scent of her hair made my nostrils flare with excitement, down the compound curve of her back to the rising rapture of her baby-soft buttocks; buttocks I patted and slapped, shook and kneaded, then shook again until their sweet swaying made the backs of her thighs ripple in wanton waves of succulent flesh.

Then—

Then I rested on my back while Marghanita bent over me and did her best and worst to excite me.

And she succeeded.

Oh, how she succeeded...

She swept her hair across and along my body in a tingling waterfall of sensation—over my chest, my arms, my abdomen, my legs, my all...

Then she began to stroke me playfully with the

swaying tips of her breasts, her hot hard nipples scoring my flesh, seeming to leave red-hot glowing wakes behind them.

She did more than stroke me with her breasts. She nudged me with them, swung her torso so that her breasts slapped excitingly against my hard masculine flesh.

Most parts of my hard masculine flesh.

Though some parts more than others.

Meanwhile her fingers were moving over my body, teasing me, tickling me, touching me, tantalizing me...

Also squeezing and manipulating me, patting and shaking me, coaxing and caressing me...

Intimately...

Ardently...

Erotically.

I felt myself shudder with rapture as her liquid lips and probing tongue began to move over me, as she encircled my aching flesh with liquid fun fire.

I groaned and writhed as her suctioning lips, her touching, teasing, twisting tongue slid over my fevered body, as she smilingly, deliberately, diabolically stimulated my interest to ever greater heights...

Then I had had more than I could take, more than I could tolerate. I shoved her from me, pushed her down onto the floor and flung myself on top of her.

She gasped and scissored her long legs wide apart, clutched me ardently to her as I thrust myself forward and down, down deep into the churning rapture of her embrace.

Her hips arched up off the floor, quivering, shuddering, shaking me, lifting me in a paroxysm of female ecstasy...

Then I took command of the show, and began, masterfully, purposefully, drivingly to push my message home...

And it got to her.

It drove her wild was what it did.

Drove her clean out of her lovely skull.

It shook me up some too.

And still we moved together, pistoned together, pumped together in a driving, churning, sliding, thrusting union of male insistence and female receptivity.

And it got better and wilder and more frantic...

And then it was like time bombs detonating within my loins, like dynamite being tossed into a red hot furnace, and a billion sparks flew and a trillion flares flared and I felt her detonate too, again and again...

And again.

As did I...

I grunted.

She moaned.

We gasped together.

While the soaring arc of mutually felt sensation peaked, then slowly, very slowly began to descend in a slow spiraling of still glowing embers, to finish in a wave of gentle warmth.

And it was over.

"That," murmured Marghanita, "was fun. Shall we rest a bit, guzzle gin and tonic a bit and try again?"

"Why not?" I said.

And that's just what we did.

But, truth to tell, my heart wasn't in it.

My heart was still annoyed about my new assignment. It's one thing to come back from a hazardous assignment (and climbing out of that erupting volcano hadn't been any picnic) only to get sent out at once on an even more hazardous assignment.

I'm used to not getting vacations.

But to return to a life of making television commercials, and have said degraded life take an even more shameful turn...

Well.

Though perhaps, I consoled myself as Marghanita and I commenced our third thrill-packed round of sex, perhaps it won't be as bad as I anticipate...

Bright and early next morning I reported to the General's office.

(How did I know it was bright that morning, seeing as how my luxury suite is fourteen stories beneath the ground? Easy. All SADISTO triple-zero agents' suites are equipped with giant-screen color TV sets, of course, and if we want to know what kind of a day it is outside we simply push the selector button marked *View From Roof* Of SADISTO HQ. We can also turn on tape-recorded bird songs if we like, but I never like.)

I found the General beaming and fidgeting, as nervous as a teen-age girl auditioning for her first nudie movie. The General, as I may have mentioned, is very stage-struck. And even more silver screen-struck.

The cause of his nervousness—not to mention his nauseating obsequiousness—was a small, well-stacked girl with flaming red hair. A really small girl, under five feet—but built.

She was wearing form-fitting black riding britches that clung lovingly to her relatively wide hips (that is, her hips were wide relative to her tiny waist; though, since she was a tiny girl, they weren't wide, say, compared to Marghanita or Anita Ekberg).

She was wearing a vivid green blouse that wasn't form clinging; it didn't need to be; she had it unbuttoned to the waist, revealing most of the rounded inner curves of her young, proud, pert breasts.

The blouse was open so far I was certain that, if she leaned forward even a little, her pert, youthful nipples would be visible.

(They were, I learned very shortly.)

A green silk scarf tied around her tanned neck completed her ensemble. (Nor was her neck the only part of her that was tanned; every visible part of her

was tanned too. A fact which made me suspect that she was tanned all over. She was, I learned very shortly.)

"Ah, 0009—I mean 0008!" said the General, as I entered.

I scowled. It wasn't like the General to forget my number.

The girl with flaming red hair whirled, studied me intently through the enormous dark glasses she wore. She crouched suddenly, held her hands out in front of her, thumbs and fingers at right angles as if she were framing me in the viewing screen of a movie camera. Keeping her hands in that position she rose slowly to her feet, then her toes, and moved in closer to me. Closer and closer until the frame made by her squared hands and thumbs was pressing against my cheeks, and I was staring eyeball to dark glasses with her. Doubtless she was simulating zooming in for an ultra close close-shot.

Abruptly she moved back.

"Yeck!" she said. "Is he the best you can do?"

The General frowned. Worriedly. "Well, there's 00066. Lots of girls, most girls in fact, think he's more handsome than that Coburn fellow who impersonated Our—I mean Their Man Flint in that movie."

I scowled. "Most girls," I snarled, "with the noticeable exception of Moonflower, ZZ99 of Mingfling. Who recently stomped all over his face with hob-nail boots."

"That's right," muttered the General. "00066 won't be handsome again until the plastic surgeons get through a few months from now." He gave the girl with flame-colored hair a sickly smile. "Looks like 0008 is the, uh, handsomest agent we have on hand."

"Pity," said the girl with crimson hair. Then she brightened. "You look better when you scowl, Ooh-ate!"

"It's pronounced, Oh-oh-oh-ate," I snarled. "Or

Triple-oh-ate, as you prefer."

"You're scowling at me now," she smiled. "I like my actors to take a violent antipathy to me. Josh Logan, John Houston and other directors of my caliber like working with a hostile actor."

I frowned at her. In point of fact, I hadn't been scowling at her, but at the mention of Flint. I don't deny that, as Johnny-come-latelys in the secret agent business go, Flint has had some lucky breaks—but I didn't and don't cotton to the man. The reason being that once, when working on an international narcotics case for kicks, I'd chanced to pick up some valuable information for him.

I'd bumped into him in a waterfront dive in Marseilles where I'd gone to relax and feel up the featured stripper. Flint had taken exception to my rather crude if obviously effective tactics with the lady, and had started a fight. A fight he'd continued even after I'd identified myself and given him the information he needed.

Thanks to countless fouls on his part, and the fact that I was nine-tenths drunk, he'd booted me out the door in an undignified manner.

Well, I'd settle his hash one of these days...I was already making time with three of his harem girls behind his back. That would grab him where it hurt, when he found out. Gila herself had murmured, *"You're 'twice the man and cruder, too..."*

"Stop wool-gathering, 0008!" snapped the General. "And allow me to do you the great honor of introducing you to one of the brightest, most talented and sexy young directors in Hollywood, the Glamour Capital of the World—Cinematia Scopes."

"Cinematia Scopes?" I gasped. "Isn't that rather an unusual name?"

"Not," snapped Cinematia, "at all. You've heard, I trust, of the famous Scopes trial in Tennessee?"

"Your family was mixed up in that?" I asked.

"No. I mention it merely as proof that 'Scopes' is not an uncommon name. No, I'm not in the evolution teaching game myself. I'm third generation show biz, brought up on a sound stage. Cut my first teeth on a can of film—a well edited reel, as I recall."

I nodded. That explained her first name. Twenty odd years ago there'd been quite a fad among movie people to name their children, legitimate and illegitimate, after animate and inanimate cinematic objects. I personally knew two talented teen-agers named Oscar—both fun girls, by the way.

"But my friends and the actors I employ call me Cin," she added. "You know, you're not at all bad-looking in a certain saturnine, cynical fashion."

"Thanks," I said coldly.

"I was speaking to the General," snapped Cin.

"My left profile is my best," murmured the General.

"But, alas," sighed Cin, "it won't be you I have to work with. Smile, 0008. Or snarl, if you prefer."

I snarled.

"Strong teeth," Cin noted. "They could use capping but..."

"No tooth-capping," said the General hastily. "0008's teeth are loaded with electronic gadgets. Capping might interfere with reception, transmission or... detonation."

"Detonation?" I gasped. "Orthodontia, SADISTO's fantastically shapely dentist, didn't mention she was placing demoliton charges in my teeth the last time I visited her!"

"Nothing to worry about, 0008," the General said hastily. "It's just that, if you should be captured, we can't afford the enemy, who—or is it whom?—ever they may be, learning the electronic secrets concealed in your teeth. The demolition charges aren't aimed to destroy you, only all your teeth. And then only as a last resort."

"I'm glad to hear that," I said, replacing a pretzel I'd been about to chew on.

"Well," said Cin, who'd been lost in a world of camera angles all her own, "I suppose I can make do with him. If the Italian directors can make stars out of bums they pick up off the streets, I suppose I can make something out of this run-of-the-mill, obviously average secret agent."

"!!!!" I fumed.

"You don't have to worry about his face," the General reassured her. "For security reasons, it will be blacked out in the finished print."

"Well that's something," sighed Cin.

I fumed again, though silently.

"What kind of movie do you have in mind, Miss Scopes?" queried the General ingratiatingly.

"A Mondo type movie, of course," she said. "A semi-documentary movie made up of closely or distantly connected scenes, linked by a common theme and a famous-star narrator. Shocking, sensational scenes, of course."

"That's what SADISTO does best," assured the General.

"Splendid," said Cin. "I understand you already have some footage I might be able to use?"

"We sure do," said the General. "Of course, you must understand that movie-making isn't our most important product. Though, from time to time, for kicks or reference purposes, we occasionally photograph our triple-zero agents in action."

"In wide-screen Multi-color?" asked Cin anxiously.

"Invariably," said the General.

"Excellent," said Cin. "Perhaps," she added, sinking sensuously into one of the General's easy chairs, "you'd be good enough to run off your stock footage for me."

"Yeah," I said. "Do that."

"I intend to," said the General, pushing a button that turned off the lights in his luxurious office, and then pushing another button that activated his concealed motion picture projector and unrolled a huge, wide screen over his banks of TV sets.

And the raw—and I stress the word—the raw footage began to unreel on the silver screen.

I wouldn't be human if I didn't confess that I smiled a little as I saw how much it shocked the self-styled shock-proof Miss Cinematia...

4

"YOU MUST REALIZE," apologized the General, "that the footage you are now witnessing was not shot with Hollywood purposes in mind. It was taken for much the same reasons that, well, that department stores photograph their female customers through one-way mirrors in department store dressing rooms."

"For kicks and business reasons both?" murmured Cin.

"Precisely," said the General. "This footage, for example, was taken last year. It shows 0008 tracking an alleged enemy of the Free World deep in her favorite haunt. His problem was to pick her out and, uh, deal with her."

"I remember that case!" I gasped. "I didn't know I was being photographed at the time, though."

"It was during our routine annual time-and-motion study of our triple-zero agents in action. You may recall that, shortly before this footage was taken, you applied for a five-dollar raise."

"How could I forget?" I said. "My application was

rudely rejected a month later."

"Largely," said the General, "as a result of my study of this footage."

"Why," queried Cin, "are all those men and girls—including, I believe, 0008—naked in that sylvan setting?"

"It was a nudist camp," said the General tersely. "Perfect cover—or rather uncover—for an alleged enemy agent. Nudists are near-fanatical people. Take off your clothes and they accept you as one of them. Trust you, confide in you, never doubt you. This particular alleged enemy agent, a girl known as Naida, went to ground at the Sunny Vale Sunlovers' Club whenever the pursuit got hot."

"I see," said Cin. "And 0008 became a nudist to track her down?"

"That I did," I said, shivering a little in recollection of the poison ivy burns I'd gotten in the line of duty.

Meanwhile, on the General's giant screen, a scene of sylvan but musical depravity was unfolding.

"Look," gasped Cin, "at all those dozens and dozens of naked young men and nude young girls desport themselves—dancing wildly and nakedly in breast-bobbing, buttock-swinging abandon! Look at them gyrate and jump, Frug and Watusi together while stark naked!"

"This was a year ago or more," I murmured. "They still did old-fashioned dances like that back then."

"I'll say they did!" gasped Cin. "What a sun-drenched orgy! What a—heh! 0008 clearly stands out!"

"He does, or rather did, indeed," muttered the General.

"But I thought," said Cin, "that male nudists, because of their basically pure thoughts, never became physically, noticeably excited?"

"Most male nudists don't," said the General grim-

ly. "0008, however, obviously got excited. As is observable."

"And not only to me!" gasped Cin. "Observe how all those lusty, busty nudist girls are gathering around him, ogling him, leering at his...enthusiasm; jostling to dance close to him!"

"Could I help it?" I muttered. "We all get excited at times."

"This particular time," said the General coldly, "was a time you should have cooled it."

"I did," I protested. "In an ice-cold brook. But it didn't help."

Meanwhile, on the screen, I saw myself, a year ago, doing the Swim and the Jerk with a double dozen glassy-eyed, full-breasted, long-legged, slim-waisted, soft-skinned, obviously turned on teen-age female nudists.

"Some undercover job," sneered the General. "It must have been at once obvious to all the female nudists in that camp that 0008 was not a dedicated nudist and hence an interloper."

"I'll say," muttered Cin. "Look at him interloping right into that sex-crazed nudist girl! Observe how all the other girls then piled on top of him, hugging and kissing and fondling and surging suggestively..."

"Obviously," muttered the General, "his, uh, cover was blown about that time."

"But General!" I protested quickly. "That was but a ruse! A ruse to make the real naked female alleged enemy agent reveal herself! Observe how all the shapely young female nudists flung themselves on top of me—save one!"

"That's true," muttered Cin. "One naked nudist girl, a full-breasted brunette, is not joining in the fun. Instead she is tip-toeing quietly away."

"That girl," I said, "was the alleged enemy agent I was seeking. All the other teen-age nude nudist girls realized I wasn't a true nudist but a lusty-minded intruder—and they didn't care. Or rather, they cared

positively. For me. But that chick cared negatively. She suspected I was after her, and she wanted out."

"Very clever," sneered the General. "Observe, if you can, 0008 slithering out from under that pile of squirming naked teen-age girl flesh and pursuing his quarry."

"I can't see him squirming out," muttered Cin.

"Precisely," said the General. "He was too busy having a ball."

"But General," I objected, "If you were underneath a double dozen naked, shapely, sex-crazed teen-age girls—could you have slithered away on duty? Or would you have been detained. As I was detained. Throbbingly, thrillingly, thrustingly—flagrantly, fervently, feverishly—seductively, sensuously, sexily..."

"Bah!" snarled the General. "Because of your licentiousness below and despite the call of duty, you allowed your alleged target to escape—to infiltrate another day."

"You can't win them all," I muttered.

"Quite," snapped the General. "Though you, 0009—I mean 0008 seem to lose more than your quota. Though, heh, heh, I notice that you seem to record only your few successes in the rather lurid memoirs you are currently writing."

Meanwhile, on the giant screen, a circus was taking place.

And what a circus! Elephants and tigers and near-naked girl acrobats, lions and bears and totally naked girl acrobats, giant pythons and seals and teams of erotically depraved girl acrobats doing—well, shocking things...

"What shocking things are taking place in that circus," muttered Cin. "Was this taken during one of the weekly SADISTO staff orgies I've heard so much about?"

"No," said the General. "This was taken six months ago in a zoo in Budapest. During a special

performance put on for the upper echelon of the Budapest Communist heirarchy. Note that totally depraved buxom blonde, carrying her card but nothing else, embrace that leftist-oriented grizzly bear. Observe that shockingly corrupt if luscious-bodied teen-age fellow traveler travel along with that red-maned lion. See that shameless if shapely Stalinist stripper bump and grind in company with a lusty gorilla—I mean guerilla..."

"I'll say!" cried Cin. "And catch that comical if ugly clown lurching and falling all over the ring, making a total fool of himself as if he were doing what came naturally..."

"That wasn't me!" I shouted. "I wasn't near Budapest last year! Though Satan only knows I applied for duty on that caper..."

"You are not," said the General with ice in his voice, "the star or buffoon of all these film clips. As it happens, I assigned 00066 to this job. That's him in center screen."

"To the right or left of that hulking black bear?" queried Cin.

"Dead center," said the General proudly. "He is that hulking black bear. Great disguise, eh?"

"So he didn't shave for two days," I muttered. "Big deal. Having a hairy chest doesn't prove you're a man, as many girls could testify."

"I'm glad you warned me," murmured Cin. "I had noticed your hirsute chest in the previous film clip and I'd had hopes..."

"I wasn't making a sweeping statement!" I yelled. "I happen to be a notable exception!"

"Shut your mouth," snarled the General. "We're watching a movie or film clips, to be more exact."

As indeed we were.

And what film clips...

On the screen 00066, thinly disguised as a hairy bear, advanced with his customary shambling gait upon

a seductively writhing teen-age stark naked Marxist oriented desire doxy.

He embraced her. She, with a depraved laugh, embraced him. They embraced each other. Fell rapturously to the sawdust where...

"What's he doing?" asked Cin. "Aside from the obvious, that is."

"Killing his quarry," said the General, "with, uh, kindness. He's about to deliver a poisoned greeting to his unsuspecting though evil-drenched victim!"

"He's going to inject her with some sort of deadly poison?" asked Cin. "But what kind of hypodermic needle or similar device for injecting fluids does he have?"

"An inferior one, I've heard," I muttered.

"00066 was not scheduled to inject a poison into his smiling if Stalinist-centered target," said the General. "Not this mission. No, for months before this particular mission, he had been conditioning himself. Swallowing increasing amounts of arsenic every day, to build up an immunity."

"But I've heard," objected Cin, "that while the human body can gradually acquire immunity to enormous quantities of arsenic, arsenic in the system tends temporarily to make one's hair fall out."

"They don't currently call 00066 Old Baldy for nothing," I cackled.

"Silence, 0008!" thundered the General, who can really thunder when he puts his mind to it and speaks into his amplifier mike. "00066's hair will grow back long before you get your next five-dollar raise!"

On the screen, meanwhile, 00066, playing the part of a hairy black bear, wrestled amorously with his nude and voluptuous target.

"Look at him turn her on!" gasped Cin. "Look at the way he smilingly averts his face—I mean snout—every time she tries to kiss him, until she's insane with the urge to kiss him, until..."

"Until he gets some sawdust in his nose and sneezes," I chuckled, "as he is doing now on the silver screen. Sneezes so hard he spits out the mouthful of liquid arsenic he had in his mouth, thereby blowing the whole mission..."

"As you said," muttered the General, "none of us can score a hundred every time. If it's any consolation to you, 0008, 00066 didn't get a five-dollar raise this year either. And when he comes out of plastic surgery, he's going to find that the medical expenses have been deducted from his past and future salary."

"I think," murmured Cin, "that it's most interesting to find that even SADISTO's finest goof now and then..."

"Now and then?" spluttered the General. "Why, nine times out of ten they...but cancel that hasty remark. For security reasons I'd rather not discuss our triple-zero agent's batting average. Suffice to say it isn't good. Save in the case of 0008 here."

"Thanks, G," I said.

"His batting average is atrocious," finished the General.

"A fallable agent," whispered Cin. "An intriguing concept. A theme for *Mondo SADISTO,* perhaps. A fallible, fumbling agent nonchalantly—I mean chalantly—moving from mistake to disaster..."

"Not me," I said. "I've never had a real disaster yet. On account of I'm highly trained, perceptually alert, fast with guns and women, clean—I mean dirty, fighting-wise, dishonest and..."

"Lucky," sighed the General. "Here's an example of 0008's luck."

And we all watched, (I, amazed because I hadn't dreamed I was being photographed for a SADISTO time and motion study.) one of my many adventures unfold on the screen.

"Rather murky photography," criticized Cin. "Using a heavy blue-green filter?"

"These shots," said the General, "were taken under water. Off Cape Cod, in fact."

Just then a form flashed by the camera on the screen.

"That's 0008?" gasped Cin. "What a master of disguises he is! Why, I would have sworn, on first or even second glance, that I was watching an astonishingly voluptuous girl swim by in a revealing bikini, with aqua-lungs on her back and a nervous look in her eyes."

"That," said the General, "is more or less what you are watching. In point of fact, that incredibly chesty, narrow-waisted, wide-hipped, long-legged girl is actually Karoline Kween, one of the most vicious KRUNCH agents alive. That she is still alive is no thanks to 0008, who was assigned to the job of liquidating her under-water."

"Ah," said Cin. "That explains the look of alarm in her big blue eyes. She sees 0008 swimming in pursuit."

"In point of fact," said the General, "she is looking a little apprehensively at the camera because the camera's naked eye is inside what looks to her like a huge tuna fish. Actually it was a midget SADISTO submarine disguised as such."

"I'll be darned," I gasped. "I wondered and wondered why that big tuna kept following me around. It was making a time-and-motion study, huh?"

"Precisely," said the General. "However Karoline quickly lost her fear of the tuna for, as she soon came to know, tuna fish, while often enormous, never attack men. Or girls either, for that matter."

"So that's why that giant tuna had a sign around its neck," I ejaculated. "A sign reading: *Tuna fish, while often enormous, never attack men. Or girls either, for that matter.* At the time I assumed the tuna had been caught and tagged by an oceanographic vessel for some scientific purpose. General, wasn't that a bit uncool?"

"Not at all," said the General. "Obviously Karoline reached the same logical if erroneous conclusion."

I said nothing. I was still fuming to learn that I'd been snooped on by some lousy if undoubtedly shapely SADISTO time-and-motion expert in a midget sub.

"But where is 0008?" persisted Cin. "All I can see on the screen is the tail, as it were, of Karoline the KRUNCH agent as she undulates around under water no doubt on vacation. That and—good grief! An enormous red lobster!"

"That enormous red lobster," I said a trifle smugly, "is actually me, skin-diving incognito in a nylon and titanium bullet-proof lobster suit."

"But," objected Cin, "how come your lobster suit is red? I learned as a child that the *Lobster is Green and the Sea is his Bed, Only when Cooked, is the Aforementioned Crustacean Red.*"

"Just so," snarled the General. "And 0008's goof in wearing a scarlet lobster suit almost cooked his job with SADISTO, I can tell you. It also almost cooked his own goose, if I may mix metaphors."

Meanwhile, on the screen, a dramatic three-way under-water chase unfolded. Karoline, the luscious though depraved KRUNCH agent had realized she was being pursued at flank speed by a titanic lobster with lethal intent and was swimming for her voluptuous life—her magnificently rounded buttocks undulating entrancingly, her long, ripe thighs kicking wildly.

Close behind I followed in my cunningly designed, carefully fitted (by a shockingly depraved SADISTO fitter) red-lobster suit, my claws snapping ominously.

And close behind both of us—though unbeknownst to either of us at the time—swam SADISTO's time-and-motion study submarine, cunningly disguised as a tuna fish.

I closed in on Karoline, my hudraulic-powered, razor-sharp claws clanging open and shut scant inches behind her luscious though anti-social behind.

"That poor girl!" gasped Cin. "Look at 0008 in his red lobster suit close in! At any moment now his razor-sharp claws will snap open and then shut, and she'll be chopped to voluptuous fragments! Even now he's obviously pausing to make his final dash and...what happened?"

"What indeed?" sneered the General. "0008 is shooting through the water at great speed—in reverse."

"Not my fault, chief," I protested. "Q Section at SADISTO goofed. They built a motorized squid propulsion unit into my automated lobster suit. When I pressed the *sprint* button I shot backward, squid-fashion."

"And," sneered the General, "I suppose you couldn't take your finger off the button?"

"That's right," I agreed. "My finger got stuck. It's crowded inside one of those motorized lobster suits. Air tanks, hudraulic actuators, electronic equipment, charts, instruction books—the whole bit. I was lucky to escape alive."

"Hah!" scoffed the General.

"0008," noted Cin, "seems to have vanished backward out of the screen. Whatever became of him?"

"A question," the General snapped, "which will be soon answered by the next film clip." He pushed a button.

"Why," cried Cin, "it's an aerial shot. Taken from a helicopter?"

"Taken," smiled the General, "from a radio-controled SADISTO drone—cunningly disguised as a Cape Cod seagull. Note the Russian fishing trawler directly below. Hauling in her nets. Note the surprise and consternation of her crew, both male and female, as they glimpse the fantastically large lobster which has scooted backward into their nets. Nets which they are now hauling aboard."

"Just so," agreed Cin. "Look at them gape and gawk at it, a red lobster seven-feet long, wriggling

furiously. What a terrible fate for an American secret service agent... What did they do to you, 0008?"

"I'd rather not talk about it," I muttered, rubbing my posterior, which still felt a little sore.

"Why," gasped Cin, "they're clipping a tag to his tail, for oceanographic purposes, no doubt, and tossing him back overboard!"

"See what I mean about 0008's luck?" noted the General. "How they would be gnashing their teeth at MEPHISTO Headquarters if they knew one of their trawlers had netted 0008 and tossed him back."

"Amazing," professed Cin. "I take it you reached shore safely, 0008?"

"After a ten-mile swim through the ice floes in Cape Cod Bay, yes," I said shortly.

"And your shapely quarry, Karoline the KRUNCH agent?"

"Well..." I hedged.

"She escaped," snapped the General. "Escaped to continue her nefarious career of spreading confusion, heartbreak despair and unmitigated evil. Satan only knows where she is now, though there's a rumor she's gone back to her old job at the Kable News Company. However, I digress," he added, as the next film clip appeared on the screen.

And what a film clip!

It depicted 00054, nude to her CENSORED, coaxing secrets from the CENSORED member of a neutral country's military delegation. After a brief but torrid bout of CENSORED, she succeeded in CENSORED—time after time.

How she managed it while upside down and taking notes I'll never know...

And after that... But I'm sure my readers aren't interested in the tedious details of the film clips we watched.

Though one of them, depicting me doing a fertility dance disguised as a witch doctor—a lady witch doctor—drew applause from both Cin and the General.

Suffice to say we watched a lot of footage. Some too dull to discuss, some too shocking to be believed, and some CENSORED.

After which we got down to business.

And what a shocking, totally erotic business it proved to be...

"Shocking, eh?" said the General, smiling hopefully.

"Shocking indeed," murmured Cin. "Shockingly poor photography. And the sound! Atrocious. Why, in that last footage, showing suspected, allegedly hostile teen-age guerilla girls being stripped, ravished, interrogated and, uh, pacified with bayonets, the lighting was so bad you could hardly see the bayonets slide into their cringing flesh. And their presumed horrible screams came out like squawks. We'll have to do better than that for *Mondo SADISTO.*"

"Oh," said the General, crestfallen.

"Perhaps," I suggested hopefully, "we should abandon the whole project?"

The General winced.

Cin frowned.

"No," she said at last. "No—there's hope for my proposed movie yet. Some of that footage can be used. It's very inferiority will lend a note of authenticity. A trick often used by documentary-type movie directors. But we can't use much of it. That shot of a suspected left-wing, supposed pacifistically minded, housewife in North Dakota being stung to death by bees in the nude—for example—that was almost comic it was so bad."

"It wasn't comic to that nude, rumored liberal reputed, free-thinking housewife," I muttered. "I hand-loaded those bees' stingers with strychnine myself. Boy did she yelp and squeal when I—and my bees—found her disporting herself nakedly and liber-

ally in her private swimming hole."

"No doubt," scoffed Cin. "But the hand-held camera that recorded said scene was obviously held by shaking hands."

"So I had a slight hangover," I growled. "You'd get drunk too if you knew you had to get up the next morning and sting to death a gorgeous girl—knowing any minute one of those damn bees might sting you by mistake."

Cin said nothing. She merely gave me a contemptuous look.

"If nothing else, General," she commented, "you have certainly succeeded in brutalizing your triple-zero agents."

"We try hard to do just that," the General agreed. "What are your plans? Which we will cooperate with to the fullest extent, of course—just as the Army and Navy cooperate happily in the making of pro-war movies."

"For a start," said Cin thoughtfully, "I should like to follow an average, run-of-the-mill triple-zero SADISTO agent through an average, uh, assignment. He doing what comes naturally, I holding a hand-held camera, with a tape-recorder slung over my shoulder."

"Fine, fine," crowed the General. "I'll assign you 0008 at once. They don't come any more average or run-of-the-mill, as triple-zero agents go, than 0008."

"Indeed," purred Cin. "And how do your triple-zero agents go?"

"All too quickly," sighed the General. "Usually horribly, too. Our replacement problem is harrowing."

"I've lasted quite a long time," I protested.

"You," said the General, "are lucky. Almost too lucky," he added in a lower voice. Meaning—well, I'm not quite sure what he meant. Something complimentary I trust.

"So long as most of his face can be blacked out..."

"Must be blacked out, for security reasons," the General broke in.

"So long as I'm assured of that," finished Cin, "I suppose 0008 is as good an agent as any for my purposes. Now, do you have an average, routine, typical assignment you can give him and me?"

"I'm sure we do," said the General, picking up a phone. "Hello, Computer Control? No, Marghanita I am not in the mood for... You will, eh? You'd do that for me? Over and over? Later, you sex-crazed loyal employee. Business first. I want an average assignment. That's right. Run-of-the-mill. Routine. Get EROTICAC IX, or whichever of your computers isn't busy figuring ways to beat roulette wheels, to select the most run-of-the-mill routine job on file in the *Jobs To Be Done* file. Right. I'll wait."

He waited.

Cin and I waited.

A moment later the General began to nod. "Fine. Excellent. Routine as they come, as you say. I'll put 0008 right on it. What? Oh, he's all right. I dare say he is in the mood. But he doesn't have the time, you depraved numpho! I, uh, I'll talk about that later. The feather whips came in this morning's mail. Right. Over and out."

He hung up.

"Sweet girl, that Marghanita," he noted absently. To Cin he said: "I have a routine assignment for you and 0008. A plot to destroy millions of Americans. Also large quantities of Canadians and Mexicans."

"That's routine?" gasped Cin.

"Around here, yes," said the General. "In fact, if Marghanita's computers hadn't assured me it was an average assignment, I'd have sworn it was a below average assignment. However... Here's the bit, 0008. A plot, masterminded by KRUNCH, is afoot to destroy a large section of continental North America. Unless an enormous ransom is paid."

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"Figures," I muttered. "KRUNCH always plays for high stakes."

"Just so," said the General. "And this time, according to well authenticated rumors, they are planning to decimate the entire North American population which swims or boats in North American fresh waters. Which takes in a heap of people."

"Elucidate," I urged.

Which he did.

And what a shocking, horror-packed threat to fresh-water swimming and boating Americans he unfolded...

5

"WHAT," SAID CIN AS she wriggled out of her form-fitting riding britches, "a shocking, horror-packed threat to fresh-water swimming and boating Americans the General unfolded..."

"Wading Americans, too," I added, as I doffed my own trousers.

How Cin and I came to be shedding our clothes is rather interesting. After the General had given me and Cin a brief but shocking briefing, I'd returned to my luxurious suite on the fourteenth level (underground), Cin trotting at my heels.

"Are you going to your quarters to do yoga exercises to prepare yourself for your coming hazardous duties?" she asked as she trotted behind me.

"Bah!" I said. "Perhaps esthetes like Flint engage in such questionably masculine pre-caper activities, but we triple-zero SADISTO agents are made of lustier stuff. Our method of preparing for hazardous duty is to open a bottle of imported champagne and then have a brief orgy."

"How significant—not to mention photogenic!" gasped Cin. "Rather like a condemned prisoner eating a last lavish meal. Not knowing if you'll ever get the chance to sex again, you triple-zero agents have a last bliss bash before taking your pathways to peril..."

"Huh?" I said. "Oh. Nuts. Anyway, that last meal bit is a lot of nonsense. I mean, for the sake of the Free World, I've liquidated heaps of alleged enemy agents. And not one of the prisoners I condemned showed any interest in eating a lavish meal. Or even a light snack."

"You make a habit of offering enemy agents lavish meals before you shoot them?" she queried. "Even in the field?"

"Not usually. This was during an image-building campaign the General initiated a year back. It didn't last, but the idea while it lasted was to build up SADISTO as the friendly terrorist-murder-arson-execution organization. Something to do with a contest *Black Chamber Magazine* was running. What a strange contest that was. And what strange prizes. Almost as far out as the prizes *Digested Writers* gives out every year."

"They are far out," Cin agreed.

"What a drag that campaign was," I sighed. "Stalking through snake-infested jungles on the trail of an alleged enemy agent. Finally finding same—holding him or her at gunpoint. Then shifting your gun to your left hand while with your right you deftly unfolded a folding table and chair, spread a silk table cloth, set out the platinum dinner ware, lit the candles, uncorked the wide-mouth Thermos bottles, decanted the wine, served the food with a napkin draped over your left arm..."

"And none of your trembling victims ingested any of the food?"

"None. Quite the reverse, in many cases."

"Either way," murmured Cin, "an incident like

that would make good footage for *Mondo SADISTO.*

Meanwhile we had reached my luxurious suite. Cin gasped, as most people do when they first glimpse the total luxury we triple-zero agents insist upon.

"What a waste of the taxpayers' money!" ejaculated Cin.

"Bah!" I snorted. "We triple-zero agents have a right to gracious living. Do you know the average working life of a triple-zero agent?"

"No," said Cin.

"Neither do I," I said. "The General won't tell us.

"Wonderful," said Cin. "Death-drenched scenes make for good box office. Remember that dramatic speech Errol Flynn delivered to the fledgling pilots in *Dawn Patrol?* Where he told them they had little chance of coming back alive?"

"I know it by heart," I sighed. "They used to play it every night over closed-circuit television here at headquarters during the General's 'Total Briefing, Total Brainwashing, Total Dedication' campaign two years ago. He even imported an ex-Kamikaze pilot to deliver lectures on the glory of suicidal missions for one's country. What a creep she was."

"A girl Kamikaze pilot?"

"Right. There weren't many of them, and the best of the breed knocked themselves off the hard way. Kamikitty—that was her name—was real bottom of the barrel material. Sexy but stupid. I understand the only reason she passed Kamikaze school was they were operating on an assigned passing rate—like Annapolis."

"It would seem," said Cin, "that a living Kamikaze pilot would be little credit to the corps. Kamikaze didn't try to go out in a blaze of aviation gasoline—at least according to her. She had bad luck, though. First she dove her Zero in a fanatical power dive right into a surfaced U.S submarine—which submerged just in time. So instead of glory she got all wet."

"Accidents will happen," noted Cin. "Especially in war time."

"True. Next, she claims, she attempted to ram a B-29. Only it turned out to be an albatross. She's short-sighted and too vain to wear glasses. After that they grounded her."

"What an interesting though improbable anecdote," said Cin.

"And now she's a SADISTO lecturer?"

"Was a SADISTO lecturer," I corrected. "They gave her contact lenses and put her to work in the cafeteria."

"*Sic transit*..." muttered Cin. "Now, about that pre-mission orgy of yours. How do you go about arranging it?"

"Easily," I said. "I merely telephone Call-Girl Control and tell them the type and number of girls I wish. The girls themselves come whizzing out of that cunningly concealed trapdoor directly over my huge circular bed. There's a complex system of Teflon coated chutes leading directly to Call-Girl Control's Ready Room."

"Ingenious use of automation," said Cin, putting down the satchel she'd been carrying and extracting a small movie camera, tripod, tape recorder and light meter. "Light's just right," she said. "I'll use a wide-angle lens to take in the entire bed."

"Oh no you won't!" I snapped.

"Oh yes I will!" she snapped back. "The General gave me full permission to photograph you in and under any circumstance. And he gave you orders to cooperate with me. He also added that if you showed signs of being uncooperative, I was to remind you that he signs your paychecks."

So what could I do but shrug my shoulders? I shrugged my shoulders. Then, as I began to unbutton my shirt, I reached for the Call-Girl Control button.

"Wait!" cried Cin. "No need for that in this particular instance. A thought has just occurred to me. I, like Al, make a point of appearing briefly in all the movies I direct."

"Al?" I gasped. "You know Alfred Hitchcock well enough to call him Al?"

"Al Hotchkiss, a nudie movie director was the Al I was referring to," said Cin. "But as I was saying, I want to appear in *Mondo SADISTO* at least once. And since I don't wish to risk my artistically valuable neck by being shot at in the field, this scene will do as well as any. In short, you will make love to me instead of some nameless hussy from Call-Girl Control."

"You go for me, huh?" I leered.

"In a word, *yeck!*" said Cin. "However, like all great artistes I am willing to make any sacrifice for my career."

It was then that she started wriggling out of her form-fitting riding britches.

It didn't take her long—evidently she was accustomed to undressing fast—but it was a fun scene to watch while it lasted. The squirming and undulating that a well-contoured, wide-hipped girl goes through in wriggling out of tight-fitting riding britches is erotically stimulating under any circumstances.

And Cin was even more erotically contoured than most luscious young girls.

And she wasn't wearing panties.

A moment later, her riding britches at her dainty feet, she slithered out of her vivid green blouse and stood naked and proud before me.

And what proud nakedness!

Her loosened hair tumbled in a flame-red aura around and over her shoulders. Her proud, pert young breasts jutted upward and outward in quivering conical/spherical perfection-dual globes of glossy glee flesh tipped with sullen red nipples, nipples that throbbed into eager erection as Cin's eyes traveled up and down my masculine (and by this time unclad) figure.

She was, as I'd suspected, tanned all over. Tanned a golden erotic brown. Her flesh was flawless—smooth and satiny looking.

The narrowness of her waist made her hips seem breathtakingly wide and wonderful, and her thighs were sleek and rounded and ripe and succulent looking.

And beneath her long red eyelashes her green eyes glowed with sexual fire.

"Movie making—or rather making movie makers—might be fun," I mused, reaching my virile hands out toward her.

"Not yet!" said Cin, skipping back. "First I must set my camera on automatic." Which she did. "Now," she said, "I will hasten to this department you call Call-Girl Control. How do I get there?"

"It's on level thirteen," I said. "Take the elevator named Desire, turn right, third door on your left. Tell them 0008 sent you."

"Fine," said Cin. "Uh, should I wear an outer garment going through the corridors?"

"Only if you want to get snickered at," I told her. "We dress very informally around here. Partly because we're lusty types, partly because the General has the air-conditioning and heating system turned up too high. He's a bit of a health nut."

"Very good," said Cin. "Now, while I am hastening to Call-Girl Control, please put on your clothes."

"What?" I gasped.

"You heard me," snapped Cin. "Put on your clothes. Wait five minutes. Then go out your door, come in again. Try and look nervous and tense. As if you'd just been given an assignment you had little chance of returning from alive. An assignment which in all probability would end with your being captured and tortured horribly by the enemy."

"But all my assignments are like that," I protested. "If I went around looking tense just for that reason I'd get wrinkles before my time."

"I didn't say feel tense, I said look tense," snarled Cin. "You can act, can't you? Just a little?"

"Why—why certainly," I said. And why not? I musted to myself. *Trevor Anderson, better known as 0008—master agent, master killer, master lover...And now—master actor...*

"Uh, which profile do you think is my best?" I inquired.

"Forget it," said Cin. "Your face, mercifully, will be blacked out of the final print. As I was saying, you enter stage right—I mean through your door—looking tense. Perhaps you're biting your fingernails or chewing your knuckles. You stop, wipe sweat from your brow. Lurch glassy-eyed to that lavishly stocked bar over there. Pour yourself a triple shot of something. Got that?"

I nodded. "How about Scotch?"

"That will photograph nicely. Then, after perhaps pouring and downing another triple, you stare off into the distance. Frowning, as if you were considering the perils which await you. Then you shake your head, as if to scatter your morbid thoughts. You shrug. Manage a brave smile and reach for the Call-Girl Control button.

"We who are about to die, in all probability, want an incredibly beautiful naked redhead—pronto! you bark into the microphone. Then you step back and stare expectantly at the ceiling above your huge circular bed. Got that?"

I said I'd gotten it.

"Fine. Then, seconds later, I shoot through the trapdoor in the ceiling to land with a suggestive bounce on the bed. Uh, do the joy jills from Call-Girl Control usually giggle and squeal as they arrive?"

"Usually," I conceded.

"Excellent. I shall shoot through the trapdoor giggling and squealing with anticipation, as if I were a hired nymphomaniacal lust lass. As soon as I'm prone

and squirming on the bed, you fling yourself on top of me. After which we will ad lib a short orgy."

"A short orgy?" I gasped. "Usually it takes several hours of frantic flesh fun to sooth me."

"No doubt," sneered Cin, obviously doubting my vitality and virility. "But we want a brief orgy because this is going to be a brief scene in *Mondo SADISTO*. All clear? Very well. And remember, stick to the script and shooting directions I've given you. Don't ad lib or change them. Actors are born stupid."

"I'm not a professional actor," I protested.

"While all actors are stupid," said Cin coldly, "not all stupid people are actors. All right. Places everyone—I mean 0008. Action! Roll 'em!"

And, after hastily snapping a pair of hinged black and white boards in front of her whirring camera, she dashed out the door.

I frowned. Frowned some more. Then shrugged, put on my clothes, had a stiff drink, waited five minutes, went out the door, came in again and went into my scene.

I kind of lurched through the doorway, patterning my movements after those of Humphrey Bogart in *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, where he's expiring from lack of water and staggering through the desert. Then I mopped my brow, bit all ten fingernails, chewed on the knuckled of both hands.

If she wants acting, I thought to myself, *I, Trevor Anderson will give her acting...*

I staggered to my lavishly equipped built-in bar, my face contorted with terror—patterning my look of terror after that of Gene Lockhart when he's about to get shot in *Algiers*.

I grabbed a bottle of Scotch, broke the neck off with a quick smash against my platinum bar top, swigged down a third of the Scotch remaining.

I hurled the bottle aside, stared off into the distance as if considering the perils awaiting me, shaking violently as I stared, a look of sadness on my face patterned after the look on Barbara Stanwyck's face in *Stella Dallas*, in the scene where she stands in the rain watching her daughter Lolly get married.

Then I shook my head violently, as if to scatter my morbid thoughts, shrugged dramatically, and managed a brave smile—and something of a leer (patterning my leer after that of King Kong when he gets his first look at Faye Wray with most of her skirt torn off), and pushed the Call-Girl Control button.

"We who are about to die in all probability," I declaimed, patterning my diction after that of Lawrence Olivier (or is it Laurence Olivier?) in *Henry the Fifth*, "want an incredibly beautiful naked redhead—pronto!"

A cynical snicker from Aphrodisia, the voluptuous if middle-aged woman who bosses Call-Girl Control greeted this statement. "Your wish is our command, poor probably doomed triple-zero agent," she snickered. "One depraved red-headed doxie coming up—or rather down."

A moment later, squealing and giggling realistically, Cin shot nakedly through the trapdoor in my ceiling to land with a suggestive thud on my huge circular bed.

She wriggled, still giggling and squealing, into a prone position on her shapely back, scissored her arms and legs wide apart; and I flung myself on top of her.

"Ooof! Cut! Cut!" screamed Cin.

"Something," I said coldly, "wrong?"

"I'll say there is," sputtered Cin. "Unless you're in the habit of ravishing naked gorgeous redheads with all your clothes on. Also shoes. You some kind of sexual nut or something?"

"I," I said, barely suppressing a snigger, "merely followed your strict orders. You told me not to change your script in the slightest. Nor did I. You told me to

put my clothes on, but you made no mention of taking them off again. In show business I believe they call that a 'goof', no?"

"$#¢&*!" said Cin.

"Come, come," I said. "While not all stupid people are directors, all..."

"All right, all right!" snarled Cin. "I guess we'll have to do the whole bit over."

And we did.

Only this time, when Cin landed nakedly with a squeal, a giggle and a suggestive thud on my huge circular bed, I was naked myself. And when I flung myself on top of her this time—we had a ball.

A flaming, fun-filled ball...

"What a flaming, fun-filled ball we had!" gasped Cin three minutes later, after the action was over.

"You're so right," I wheezed.

And in all truth we were both speaking the truth.

In all honesty, I hadn't expected too much in the way of carnal capers from Cin. True she was built like a brick movie projector, but she claimed to be a dedicated artist. And it's been my experience that dedicated girl artists tend to be bland in bed—like their energies are drained by their art.

Ballet dancers, for example, are usually pretty disappointing sex partners. And even strip teasers often lack flair and enthusiasm; perhaps because their daily work is too much like sexual play.

But Cin surprised me.

What a firebrand of flesh!

What muscular control!

What moral abandon!

What a swinger!

No sooner did I land atop her dainty but stacked nude body than she detonated beneath me. Exploded into instant, sexy action of the most erotic variety.

She screeched with animal passion and arched her hips up off the bed, lifting me, shaking me, bouncing me. And I'm a heavy man to bounce.

Meanwhile her fingernails were clawing my back, her teeth gnawing deep into my shoulder...

Frenziedly, erotically.

Then her hips dropped me again and her luscious legs flailed the bed, wrapped around me—hugging me, squeezing me while her avid lips rained kisses on my face and neck.

"Speed it up, speed it up," she muttered between kisses and love bites. "We've got to bring this scene to a climax in under three minutes. That or do some drastic cutting."

"All right," I grunted, my hands cupping and squeezing the hot soft resiliencies of her youthful breasts. "But should we be talking like this with the tape recorder going?" I queried as I washboarded her throbbing sullen red nipples with my closed fingers.

"It's all right," she moaned, as her slender hands slid up and down my spine suggestively while her thighs throbbed around my hips, "so long as our lips don't face the camera. Many people can lip-read these days," she added as her fingernails raked my shoulders, and her body rippled and undulated beneath me. Now her breasts surging against my chest, now her loins thrusting svagely against me.

"You see," she continued, as I twisted my head and neck in order to cup my lips over the tip of her left breast and suction in the hot splendor of her nipple, the textured delight of her aureole and the sweet tasting tender flesh of her breast. "I've found through trial and error that the actual sounds of love-making are not as exciting to listen to as you might think."

"Is that a fact?" I said as I slid my hands down her back to capture and knead the fabulous flesh of her buttocks, pulling her lower body brutally against the aching need of my virility.

"It is indeed," Cin assured me as she writhed and twisted with erotic abandon. "I shall dub in love-making sounds later. The snort of a walrus, for example, or even that of a bull or stallion sounds much more masculine than a male human's grunt of passion. Believe it or not the average male human's grunt of passion sounds like a cross between a sneeze and an oink."

"I'd never have thought it," I gasped, as I began to pile drive my ardor deep, deep into the pulsing pleasure of her body.

"And," Cin went on, while her body responded to every pistoning, ram-rodding thrust of my body, "a sea gull's cry, lengthened, shifted an octave and played back slowly, sounds much more like the ultimate shriek of passion of a luscious girl reaching a climactic peak of ecstasy than any real female shriek yet recorded."

"What wonders science and art joined together can perform," I philosophized as I increased the pumping, pounding, driving, desperate jack-knifing of my loins.

And then we were too busy to talk, or think... Too busy having at each other again and again, while molten fire seemed to shoot through our veins and rippling rapture suffused our brains and bodies in the dazzling, demonic, ecstatic moment of ultimate passion.

"Eeee! Eeee! Eeee!" screamed Cin, sounding rather like—well, like I always sound, I suppose.

And then it was over.

And, sweat-drenched and satisfied, spent and satiated, we rested—I sprawled atop Cin, Cin sprawled beneath me.

"Cut," she whispered, "it's a make—I mean take. Nice ad libbing, 0008. Nice timing, too. We wound that frantic fun-bash up in two minutes forty-five. And, movie-making aside, may I say it was a pleasure knowing you. Carnally, that is. It's been my experience that civilians—people not in show business—tend to be a bit bland in bed. But you—you're almost professional, sex-

wise."

"Thank you," I said. "We triple-zero agents are trained to be. Some people have even suggested I'm over trained."

"Impossible," sighed Cin, stretching beneath me lazily and voluptuously. "Sorry I made you speed things up so much—movies are hard taskmasters."

"I'm used to making personal sacrifices in the name of duty," I told her kindly.

"If," she murmured, "you'd care to make love more slowly now, just for fun, that is—there's no need to exert yourself pushing that Call-Girl Control button, if you follow my meaning..."

"I follow," I gasped. "But let's have a drink first."

"Let's," she purred, "make it a quick drink and a long night..."

Which is exactly the way things worked out...

6

"LIE DOWN," MURMURED Cin, smiling at me seductively and nakedly.

I did as she requested.

Fast.

Her smile deepened, became more mysterious and seductive. Also erotic.

She slid gracefully onto the bed. I reached for her.

"Uh-uh," she husked. "For now—just lie there."

So I just lay there.

While she bent over me. Smiling. Croushed on all fours beside me while she tossed her head lazily; and her long, silk-thin, flame-red hair swept over my bare chest.

It tickled and tingled fabulously, excitingly.

She tossed her head again, then began to rock her head from side to side, slowly. Sensuously. And a foaming, frothing torrent of her hair began to sweep back and forth across my superheated chest and upper arms.

Then my lower chest and lower arms.

Then across my stomach and wrists.

Then, ah then...

The silken waterfall of her tresses slid erotically, maddeningly across my upper thighs.

And so forth and around...

Teasingly, titillatingly, torridly.

Tempestuously, tormentingly, tantalizingly.

Ticklingly, touchingly, temptingly...

What hot swinging sensation!

What burning bliss!

What a gas!

I started to reach for her—

"Not yet," she whispered.

And began to stroke me with her fingers. Just the tips of her fingers. The hot, satin-smooth, utterly feminine, totally erotic, completely shameless tips of her fingers.

Up my body and down my body her finger tips roamed, tracing ten con-trails of rapture, leaving half a score of sexually phosphorescent wakes in in their wake.

Touching fingers, tapping fingers; tugging, twisting, taunting fingers...

Fingers that caressed me, stroked me, fondled me, gripped me, squeezed me...

Shamelessly!

Her fingers explored my hot and happy flesh from nose to toes, back and forth, from side to side—and around and around and up, gasp, and down...

It was torture.

It was bliss.

It was both.

And it got better.

And yet better—and then better still!

It was the most, it was the greatest, it was too ever-loving much.

And then, just when I thought, just when I knew I could take no more—she stopped.

And began to caress me another way.

With the tips of her swaying breasts.

She leaned, smiling, over me and began to rock her luscious torso from side to side. And every time she rocked to the left and each time she rocked to the right, her full, firm, ripe breasts swayed like a pendulum do.

But much more resiliently, more excitingly, more delightfully...

Her breasts swayed and swung in lazy arcs while she lowered her chest until just the tips of her fully erect, sullen-red nipples grazed my chest.

And then my stomach.

And then—

Then the torrid tips of her breasts grazed my upper thighs, slid erotically across my most responsive flesh.

While I writhed.

And rolled.

And gasped and groaned with ecstasy.

Hot flaming ecstasy!

She chuckled, then, softly and erotically; and, supporting her weight on her bent legs, leaned forward with her hands cupping the outer surfaces of her breasts. Leaned forward and captured my flesh between hot, smooth, luscious breasts; and pressed her breasts close together so that I was imprisoned by her.

Her soft, yielding, rapture-packed flesh...

While she twisted and squirmed, so that her breast flesh twisted and squirmed in dynamic contact with my flesh.

And—

It was too much.

It was the ultimate, the end, the—

She stopped.

Smiled.

Bent forward again and began to explore my tingling body with her lips.

And not just her lips.

Her probing, licking, circling, teasing tongue got into the act as well.

Spectacularly.

Her lips and tongue touched me here, and there, and (oh joy!) everywhere.

Suctioningly, searchingly, enfoldingly...

And, oh what wondrous things her lips and tongue did for my hormones!

How masculine I felt...

"How masculine you feel!" gasped Cin, as she raised her lips a moment; and then lowered her lips and began to suction me again while her tongue teased me again...

And even as her tongue and lips were paying homage to my virility, her softly rounded, hard-tipped breasts were pressing suggestively against my body, her teasing fingers were straying around and about.

Impudent, ardent fingers. Slim, soft, sexy fingers.

Kneading me and stroking me.

And turning me on.

All the way on.

Sweat poured from my brow as I writhed and twisted beneath the diabolical provocation of her lips, and tongue, and breasts, and straying fingers.

It was wild..

It was wanton.

It was wonderful.

It was too much.

She stopped.

"Don't stop!" I implored.

"A girl," she murmured, "has to get her kicks too..."

And so saying she wriggled and writhed adroitly, and a moment later she was sitting astride my upper thighs.

While her hands fondled me a bit more.

Then she moved, moved deftly and purposefully, raising her luscious torso as she wriggled and slithered forward.

After which, slowly, she lowered herself. Slowly and accurately. She twisted her hips and loins a little, adjusted herself a little, then let herself sink slowly until her buttocks thudded against my ardent flesh.

And she had me and I had her, in a manner of speaking.

She started jumping. Or more exactly, bouncing.

Bouncing up and bouncing down.

Slowly at first. Slowly and sensously, while her muscles throbbed and pulsed around me, squeezing me, teasing me, pleasing me beyond belief.

I knew bubbling, burning, beautiful bliss.

And it got more blissful.

She began to bounce harder and faster, while her muscles pulsed more strongly, more grippingly, more excitingly.

It was...fun!

I groaned with ecstasy, reached up and cupped her proud and excitingly full, delectably firm breasts with my hands.

I didn't need to shake them; her bouncing did that for me. All I had to do was cup them with my hands, and they jiggled and bounced and squirmed excitingly beneath my palms and fingers.

I tweaked and twisted and twirled her nipples, sank my thrill-happy fingers deep into her luscious frontal fun flesh.

And all the while she was bouncing up and down faster and faster, and thrills were thrilling me with ever mounting intensity.

I released her breasts momentarily and slid my hands down her flanks, caressing her slender waist, stroking her wide smooth hips, polishing her ripe thighs.

While her buttocks thudded against me, while her tropic zone stroked me, stoked me, drove me out of my skull with delight.

Faster and faster she bounced; and I gasped, as

we reached echelon after echelon of ecstasy, as our bodies meshed in perfect flesh-sliding, passion-building harmony.

And it was miraculous, fabulous, fantastic. All my senses blurred and fused. My whole being narrowed down to one feeling, one sensation—the best of all feelings, the greatest of all sensations, the apogee of human experience.

It was too incredible to last, but it lasted...it was too intense to tolerate, but I loved it. It was all time and all space fused into one burning ball of bliss, it was yin and yang, male and female, opposites attracting and kindred passions meeting.

It was a madness, an insanity, a blazing flight through the superheated core of an exploding star. It was uranium slamming into uranium, dynamite and a lighted fuse, a barrel of gunpowder and a fiery match.

It was like crazy...

And then the volcano my body had become erupted, and I gasped and groaned with the splendor and savagery and sweetness of it all. Cin screamed and I sank my fingers deep into her flesh as she clawed my shoulders and sobbed while her muscles reacted convulsively. Her bouncing buttocks thudding out a rhapsody of lust against my body.

And then, in a flaming, fabulous, frenzied culmination of carnal delight, in shattering spasm after spasm of unleashed lust—it ended.

Ended not abruptly but slowly, fading out like a drifting star shell, fading until only a red glow remained, until I seemed to be dropping through warm dark space...

But not alone.

Thus ended the second round of our super-charged sex bout.

What a wonderful way to end the second round of our super-charged sex bout," purred Cin. "Shall we

rest awhile and then commence round three?"

"Why not?" I asserted.

So we rested awhile.

And then had at each other again for the third time.

After which, while I gently stroked her long red hair, I suggested: "Can't we turn off that damn camera? I thought you couldn't use long sex bouts on film."

"For *Mondo SADISTO*, no," agreed Cin. "But a girl producer-director-writer never knows when some lengthy sexy footage will come in handy. So I keep the camera rolling and—what's that?"

I looked.

"Seems to be my Jockey shorts," I decided.

"I know that!" screamed Cin. "The big question is—why are your Jockey shorts draped over my camera lens?"

I looked. She was right.

"Sorry about that," I said soothingly. "A goof on my part."

"Do—do you realize what this means?" gasped Cin. "It means we'll have to do everything all over again!"

"Well, if we must, we must," I said philosophically.

So we did everything all over again. And, truth to tell, I wasn't all that sorry. Not only did I get to joy jump Cin again, over and over, but I had a chance to act out my dramatic scene a second time. Rehearsal never hurts an actor, I feel. And I'm certain my second dramatic scene was even more action-packed than my first.

But I digress.

Many of my readers, I'm certain, are more interested in the details of the shocking, horror-packed threat to fresh-water swimming and boating Americans I was scheduled to thwart—for the benefit of the Free World, and Cin's hand-held camera.

I, too, had given the matter some thought.

In fact, during some of my later sex sessions with Cin, I took the liberty (which she forgave) of turning on my tape machine and listening (while pleasuring Cin frantically, frenziedly) once again to the General's briefing.

It went like this:

"What," the General had asked dramatically (during our initial briefing), "is the most dreaded thing of the water—fresh water, that is?"

I'd considered this. "A voluptuous teen-age thrill-seeking girl at the wheel of a high-powered outboard?" I suggested, remembering numerous occasions when just such joyous jills had almost cut me in two with their propellers.

"You're right," the General had conceded. "Well, what's the second most dreaded thing in fresh water?"

"Why, the Piranha!" gasped Cin and I in unison.

"Keep out of this," I snarled. "This is my briefing."

"Sorry. I spoke up without thinking," apologized Cin.

"Silence!" thundered the General. "As I was saying and you were agreeing, the South American fresh-water fish—loosely named the Piranha—is a fish to be dreaded."

"I'll say," I said. "Why, just last month I had occasion to shoot a gorgeous girl guerrilla on horseback somewhere in the upper reaches of the Amazon. I shot her while she was fording a stream. Unfortunately my first shot missed her and hit her horse."

"And your second shot?" frowned the General.

"Got her dead center," I said. "Well, almost dead center. At least she fell screaming and mortally wounded into the water along with her horse. And after that, a scene almost too shocking to relate took place.

Swarms of tiny Piranhas, scenting blood, moved in to eat her alive. It was ghastly! They tore the flesh

from her living bones, stripped her limbs to skeletal outlines within moments."

"How dreadful!" gasped Cin.

"How interesting," murmured the General, who is nothing if not objective.

"As bad luck would have it," I continued, "my automatic rifle jammed at that point. It took me almost a minute to clear it. After which I naturally pumped bullet after bullet into her to put her out of her misery. My last shot killed her."

"The guerrilla girl?" asked Cin.

"Heavens, no!" I cried, genuinely shocked. "The innocent mare she was riding. I mean, voluptuous guerrilla girls have to take what comes—they're like asking for trouble. But innocent horses—who can bear to see them suffer?"

"Who indeed?" muttered the General, who is, of course, a fanatical animal lover.

"But what happened to the voluptuous guerrilla girl you winged, who then tumbled screaming into the Piranha infested stream?" persisted Cin.

"Why, she got eaten alive, of course," I said. "Rather slowly, too, since the Piranhas were feeling a bit stuffed after having eaten the mare. Yeah, she died real slow, I'm afraid. I heard her horrible screams continued while I unpacked my pack horse, while I set up my tent, while I cooked my evening meal and drank my evening coffee. Even after I yawned and called it a day and snuggled down into my evening sleeping bag, as I recall, her weak screams assaulted the night air. I remember feeling a bit annoyed. I mean, after a man's done a hard day's work, he feels entitled to a peaceful night's sleep."

"Aptly put," agreed the General. "Some of those voluptuous guerrilla girls have no consideration for anyone. Let alone triple-zero SADISTO agents."

"But—but—" said Cin.

"?" I asked with my eyebrows.

"I was only going to ask," said Cin, "why you didn't finish her off—put her out of her misery, and I'm sure being eaten alive slowly by Piranhas must be miserable—by hurling a knife at her voluptuous throat. Don't all you secret agents carry throwing knives?"

"Indeed we do," I said. "And pretty costly items they are, too. Made specially for us by the Bilkingham Sword Company. Sure I could have hurled one of my expensive knives at her voluptuous throat. But how could I have recovered my knife from a stream full of Piranha fish? I couldn't. Hence my knife would have been lost. Hence I didn't finish her off."

"A wise and thrifty decision," complimented the General. "We must all be cost-conscious these days. Thank Satan you were able to put that poor mare out of her misery. As you unquestionably know, there have been innumerable recorded instances of horses being killed and reduced to skeletons within minutes by swarms of Piranha fish. That much is well known. But..."

"But?" I urged.

"But less well known is the fact that thousands of Piranhas are imported into this country every year. Tropical fish fanciers love them. Heaven knows why. As aquarium fish they are dull, listless, and uninteresting—except when they are eating other fish alive or tearing a beefsteak of their owners fingers to shreds."

"Fancy," I muttered.

"Fact," said the General. "Even less known is the fact that many responsible people—including a Florida member of the House of Representatives—have been legislating for years to stop the importation of Piranhas altogether."

"That seems like an unreasonable curtailment of free enterprise," I frowned.

"It may well be," agreed the General. "The argument has been that imported Piranhas might be re-

leased into Florida rivers by accident or diabolical design. And in those warm fresh waters they might flourish and multiply with deplorable effects on the Florida tourist industry."

"I'll say," I gasped. "Who'd swim in Silver Springs or dip their toes in the water at Weekee Watchee if they knew they'd get eaten alive by Americanized Piranhas..."

"Just so," agreed the General. "It's only fair to note that many scientists don't believe the Piranha could successfully breed and multiply in Florida waters."

"But?" I suggested.

"But others think they could," scowled the General. "Picture the deplorable scene. A happy family of tourists plunging smiling into a Florida fresh-water lake. Minutes later—a row of gleaming human skeletons, of assorted sizes, circled by lip-smacking, still hungry Piranhas."

"A massive body blow to Florida's tourist program," I agreed. "Unless the thousands of deaths could be hushed up."

"If," sighed the General, "it was only Florida we had to worry about, I'd shrug the whole thing off. Like, when you come right down to it, who needs Florida?"

"It's more serious, I take it?" I rasped.

"Exactly. With Piranhas as with any fish, it's a question of acclimation. Piranhas flourish only in very warm fresh waters. But..."

"But?" I interjected.

"But fish can adjust. Automatically or after careful selective breeding. Take the common guppy for an example. A fresh-water fish. But how many guppy fanciers know that if they should toss their guppies into an aquarium full of salt water—the guppies would continue to flourish and multiply."

"I take it," I frowned, "that not all fish are as adaptable as guppies."

"You take it correctly," said the General. "However, before this, nobody has made any attempt to acclimate Piranhas to cooler water. By slowly lowering the water temperature, selecting the fish that withstood the change best, cross-breeding them, repeating the process for generations—it might be done. And, shudder, the indications are—it has been done! Yes, a cool, even cold-water Piranha is now a biological reality. You can imagine what this could mean."

"I'll say!" I exclaimed. "Why, if such Piranha should be released in quantity—life as we know it all over North American fresh-water lakes, ponds and rivers would change overnight. If not be eliminated altogether."

"A sensible projection," sighed the General.

"Why," I gasped, "if Piranhas had infested the Mississippi a century ago, Huck Finn would have been eaten alive before he got five miles. They'd have eaten him and his raft!"

"No doubt about it," agreed the General. "Skin divers, Sunday swimmers, wading infants, old-waterhole frequenting small boys, voluptuous girls bathing in secluded ponds—all would be, will be chewed and chomped on by razor-toothed Piranhas. Some species of which get to be a foot and a half long. And all of which travel in huge swarms. Or is it schools?"

"What a potential disaster!" I cried. "And a KRUNCH agent, I take it...?"

"Has bred a cold-water Piranha," said the General gloomily. "And her parent organization, KRUNCH International, Limited, has threatened to release enormous quantities of same into North American rivers. Unless five hundred million dollars ransom is paid."

"Diabolical!" I suggested. "And I take it the Piranhas are due to be released..."

"During Safe Swimming Week," moaned the General.

"It figures," I grumbled.

"Excuse me," piped up Cin, "but would cold-water acclimated Piranhas be that much of a threat? I mean in Hollywood we have heated pools and damn few rivers."

"A good point," said the General. "California might survive the threat. The reality, rather. But most of the continental United States would suffer grievously. River transportation still accounts for almost a third of U.S. transport. And who'd set foot on a river when said foot would be instantly bitten off? Who'd go fishing when the chances would be nine-to-one the fish would eat him, instead of vice versa? Who would dare to wade in a brook? Swim a stroke? Or venture into a fresh water sewer? Nobody. Piranhas will attack anybody and anything. The only reason they haven't devoured a live elephant is that, so far, no elephant has ever wandered up the Amazon."

"How grisly," I commented. "Uh, how did SADISTO learn of this plot before the official release date?"

"By a last report by a dying but game SADISTO agent, 00051."

"Why, I remember him," I said. "A rather quiet, studious fellow given to devising ciphers and cross-word puzzles. An egg-head. But a good drinking companion notwithstanding. He took the long jump eh?"

"That he did," sighed the General. "But with his dying breath he sent us this message, and I quote: '*Good Heavens—I'm cornered! By an Amazon...* Those were his last words, spoken through his wrist-watch radio. After that the poor devil was apparently liquidated. Or more probably, eaten alive by Piranhas. Cold water Piranhas. His message, however, made everything clear."

I considered. "Just so," I agreed.

"Huh?" said Cin.

"Simple," I smiled. His last message read—'*Good Heavens—I'm cornered! By an Amazon...*' Obviously

the key message is in the first phrase, the first, second and third words of which are naturally and normally capitalized. Which gives us a fair assumption that the fourth word, *Cornered,* should also be capitalized."

"So?" countered Cin.

"So this gives us four key letters: GHIC. A snap to decipher. Merely pronounce GH as in *laugh,* and IC as in *delicious*. Put them together and GH and IC spell, or rather pronounce, *Fish.*"

"Obviously," said the General.

"After that," I said, "the word Amazon instantly takes on dual meanings. A lady warrior and a huge fresh-water river. And what fish indigenous to the Amazon are most famous? The Piranha, of course. The whole thing's almost too obvious."

"!" looked Cin.

"Quite," agreed the General. "After we received 00051's last message, we knew we were facing a female foe using Piranhas as a weapon. The computers narrowed the search down to a voluptuous blonde KRUNCH agent listed in our records as Serra S. Brandt. Serra, our records tell us, is fantastically stacked. Very bright. Over-sexed. Ruthless. Fond of fish. And a gambler."

"Interesting..." I mused.

"Especially," said the General, "the information that she's a gambler. I at once ordered Marghanita to have her computers search their memory banks for all data relating to lady gamblers. Unfortunately the information was not complete. She'd been reprogramming her computers on gambling subjects for some reason, and the memory banks had been partially blanked out as a result."

"Pity," said Cin.

"We did learn, however, that, under another name, Serra Brandt won fifty thousand dollars in the Turkish Sweepstakes."

"Don't you mean Irish Sweepstakes?" asked Cin.

"I said Turkish and I meant Turkish," snarled the General. "The Turkish Sweepstakes are less well known but equally as profitable as the Irish. To repeat, this Serra, under another name, won fifty thousand bucks. As did five other American females. Hence your job, 0008, is simple. You have merely to interrogate all six chicks. And determine which chick is the KRUNCH agent Serra Brandt. Then liquidate same. Likewise her stock of cold-water acclimated Piranhas."

"What an easy assignment!" I said. "I had fears this might prove to be a real toughie. What a relief to learn it's a lead-pipe cinch!"

"Just so," agreed the General. "You can see now why the computers selected it as a typical, average, run-of-the-mill case. On your way, 0008. And you, Miss Scopes. It's been thrilling talking to you. And, if during the making of some future movie you should have the need of a distinguished middle-aged man..."

"I'll give you a call," Cin assured him.

After which we had departed for my luxurious suite on the fourteenth level. With results already chronicled.

And with even more erotic and shocking results yet to come...

7

"I DON'T," SAID CIN, admiring her luscious nude body in one of my many full-length mirrors, "see why you call this assignment a cinch. It seems real difficult to me."

"Not," I assured her as I sidled up nakedly behind her and slid my arms around her erotic waist to feel up and fondle her jutting breasts, flat stomach and tempestuous torrid zone, "to me."

"Oh?" murmured Cin, twisting her head back and to one side so that I could crush her ripe lips with my avid mouth.

"Yes," I replied, some while later. "Such cases where we triple-zero agents have merely to determine which of a number of shapely suspects is the foe we seek—we call them elimination cases—are always easy."

"Elucidate," urged Cin, inadvertently using one of my favorite phrases. Or words, rather.

"Gladly," I replied, gently kneading and working the supple splendor of her pectoral pleasure peaks. "Instead of having to grope blindly, often futilely in

the dark, seeking, searching for a suspect—our field of search is narrowed down. In theory, we have, instead of a fifty per cent chance of success, a sixty-nine per cent chance of success. In practice, our success rates in such cases is usually one hundred per cent."

"I don't," objected Cin as she thrust her rounded buttocks back against my eagerly out-thrust virility, "see how your practical success rates can be higher than your theoretical success rates."

"Simple," I assured her as I slid my hands down from her desire domes to stroke and fondle her passive navel and her active loins. "In theory, we have merely to interview from two to a dozen suspects, and pick the guilty party from among those interviewed and interrogated. An easy job, one that people like Nero Wolfe accomplish in book after book."

"And in such interviews and interrogations you achieve sixty-nine per cent success?"

"In theory," I agreed. "Because in practice—in theory that is—it's often hard to flush the one guilty person from a covey of innocents. But we triple-zero agents, in practice, have improved upon theory."

"How?" murmured Cin, as she undulated and writhed her backside against my responsive front side.

"Let me give you an example," I told her, as my cupping hands slid again up her front to find and finger her delectable passion pillows, the nipples of which were already in full, throbbing erection.

"Not many months ago," I continued as my fingers sank hungrily into her satiny sin summits, "I had to find the one member of the U.S. Olympics girl Tic-Tac-Toe Team who was actually an enemy agent. Ten girls to the team."

"A tough job," asserted Cin, cupping her hands over my hands which were cupping her breasts.

"Not to me," I assured her. "I knew that one of the ten girls should be liquidated—had to be liquidated

if the Free World, as we triple-zero SADISTO agents know it, was to survive."

"Admirable," gasped Cin, as she slid her hands in back of her—but in front of me—and began to feel and fondle me shamelessly and enthusiastically. "How did you find the guilty party?"

"I didn't," I confessed. "I just liquidated all ten girls. One of whom, of course, was the enemy I sought. Hence my mission was one hundred per cent successful. In practice. In theory, I'd have had sixty-nine chances out of a hundred of achieving my aims."

"How—how beastly!" gasped Cin, manipulating and shaking my fevered flesh.

"Not," I assured her, "so. When the fate of the Free World, as SADISTO knows it, is at stake—what's the lives of nine innocent if voluptuous girls?"

"How, no doubt philosophically correct if morally, despicable," affirmed Cin, instants before our lips locked again and our tongues tarried torridly.

"Are you planning on liquidating all six girls, guilty or not, in this case?" she whispered, as we broke the searching suction of our kiss and resumed the feverish feeling and fondling of each other with our groping hands and seeking fingers.

"Not," I assured her, with my fingers crossed, "unless absolutely necessary. Since, to all appearances, there doesn't seem to be the same panic rush prevailing as in the aforementioned assignment—when deadly botulism toxin was about to be dumped into all major American reservoirs and water-supply systems. A case, incidentally, which I had my ghost writer chronicle in a published narrative he saw fit to title *Our Man From Sadisto*. Since the same desperate urgency doesn't seem to prevail, I will merely subtly question each of the six chicks. And determine her guilt or innocence by sheer brain power."

"Whose?" murmured Cin, as we sank to the floor, limbs and torsos thrusting and writhing together in

frantic excitement.

"My brain power," I informed her, as we rolled on the softly carpeted floor of my luxurious suite.

"Oh," wheezed Cin, as she melted yieldingly into my arms. "I was afraid—I mean, I anticipated that..."

And then we forgot about speech, forgot cases pending and past, forgot everything but the avid excitement of each other's bodies, the carnal frenzy of our lovemaking.

We rolled rapturously on the floor, lost in a transport of delight, a frenzy of ecstasy.

Her sleek, hot flesh burned against my body, the writhing undulation of her churning charms ignited my lust, the heady perfume of her hair, the sweet scent of her flesh aroused me, inflamed me, turned me on.

All the way on.

And a bit further.

Quite a bit further.

And then, wildly, wantonly, we detonated together.

Then packed and left on "our" assignment.

"So this is North Carolina," mused Cin. "I understand they have a Southern Carolina, too. Is there an Eastern and Northern Carolina too?"

I frowned. Like many Hollywood people, Cin's knowledge of geography was limited to California, Acapulco, New York, London and Cinacity. How insular most show folk are, I thought to myself.

"Yes, this is North Carolina," I told her. "The home of, uh, pecan nuts and, uh, plantations. And it's a plantation we are now seeking," I added as I braked my carefully restored (and heavily armed and armored) Mercedes 540-K, a big brute of a car dating from 1937, a vintage year for Mercedes.

"I thought all secret agents drove Aston Martins," Cin had objected when we'd started our trip.

"Most do," I agreed. "The Aston Martin people have a special group rate for intelligence organizations. The car has certain drawbacks, however. Like so many secret agents, enemy, friendly and neutral drive them. You see an Aston Martin on the road, you know right off the driver is most likely a secret agent."

"I see," said Cin.

"So for this particular case," I concluded, "I'm not taking my Aston Martin. Also it needs a valve job. Better we travel inconspicuously."

"You call a fire-engine red Mercedes 540-K inconspicuous?" incredulled Cin.

I pursed my lips. "The paint job dates from the General's recent Flair and Flamboyance campaign. Howsomeever, a few miles on the road will dust up the car a lot. Hold tight."

And off we'd zoomed in a cloud of supercharged dust, the cut-out bellowing, the supercharger screaming. As were the pedestrians who leaped for their lives.

And now, scant hours after leaving SADISTO HQ, we were somewhere in North Carolina.

"Where in North Carolina are we?" queried Cin.

I consulted my map.

"Lost," I told her. "Not, however, for long. Press that green button on the dashboard in front of you, if you'd be so kind."

"This one?" said Cin.

SWOOOOSH!

A jet of flame spouted skyward from the radiator cap, a raging funnel of fire that shot a hundred feet into the air.

"Not the red button, the green button," I snarled.

"Well you don't need to shout," she snapped. "The fact is I'm color blind. Rather rare attribute for a girl, you know. More men are color blind than girls to a ratio of something like ten to one."

Hmmm, I thought. A color blind director who used only color film. Perhaps many directors were color blind. It would certainly explain some of the ghastly

the dark, seeking, searching for a suspect—our field of search is narrowed down. In theory, we have, instead of a fifty per cent chance of success, a sixty-nine per cent chance of success. In practice, our success rates in such cases is usually one hundred per cent."

"I don't," objected Cin as she thrust her rounded buttocks back against my eagerly out-thrust virility, "see how your practical success rates can be higher than your theoretical success rates."

"Simple," I assured her as I slid my hands down from her desire domes to stroke and fondle her passive navel and her active loins. "In theory, we have merely to interview from two to a dozen suspects, and pick the guilty party from among those interviewed and interrogated. An easy job, one that people like Nero Wolfe accomplish in book after book."

"And in such interviews and interrogations you achieve sixty-nine per cent success?"

"In theory," I agreed. "Because in practice—in theory that is—it's often hard to flush the one guilty person from a covey of innocents. But we triple-zero agents, in practice, have improved upon theory."

"How?" murmured Cin, as she undulated and writhed her backside against my responsive front side.

"Let me give you an example," I told her, as my cupping hands slid again up her front to find and finger her delectable passion pillows, the nipples of which were already in full, throbbing erection.

"Not many months ago," I continued as my fingers sank hungrily into her satiny sin summits, "I had to find the one member of the U.S. Olympics girl Tic-Tac-Toe Team who was actually an enemy agent. Ten girls to the team."

"A tough job," asserted Cin, cupping her hands over my hands which were cupping her breasts.

"Not to me," I assured her. "I knew that one of the ten girls should be liquidated—had to be liquidated

if the Free World, as we triple-zero SADISTO agents know it, was to survive."

"Admirable," gasped Cin, as she slid her hands in back of her—but in front of me—and began to feel and fondle me shamelessly and enthusiastically. "How did you find the guilty party?"

"I didn't," I confessed. "I just liquidated all ten girls. One of whom, of course, was the enemy I sought. Hence my mission was one hundred per cent successful. In practice. In theory, I'd have had sixty-nine chances out of a hundred of achieving my aims."

"How—how beastly!" gasped Cin, manipulating and shaking my fevered flesh.

"Not," I assured her, "so. When the fate of the Free World, as SADISTO knows it, is at stake—what's the lives of nine innocent if voluptuous girls?"

"How, no doubt philosophically correct if morally, despicable," affirmed Cin, instants before our lips locked again and our tongues tarried torridly.

"Are you planning on liquidating all six girls, guilty or not, in this case?" she whispered, as we broke the searching suction of our kiss and resumed the feverish feeling and fondling of each other with our groping hands and seeking fingers.

"Not," I assured her, with my fingers crossed, "unless absolutely necessary. Since, to all appearances, there doesn't seem to be the same panic rush prevailing as in the aforementioned assignment—when deadly botulism toxin was about to be dumped into all major American reservoirs and water-supply systems. A case, incidentally, which I had my ghost writer chronicle in a published narrative he saw fit to title *Our Man From Sadisto*. Since the same desperate urgency doesn't seem to prevail, I will merely subtly question each of the six chicks. And determine her guilt or innocence by sheer brain power."

"Whose?" murmured Cin, as we sank to the floor, limbs and torsos thrusting and writhing together in

color movies I'd seen.

"Why," said Cin, "did a jet of flame shoot a hundred feet into the air from the radiator cap when I inadvertently pressed the red button?"

"A standard device in all SADISTO cars," I told her. "It discourages low-flying hostile helicopters. In seashore areas it's also an effective sea gull deterrent."

Meanwhile Cin had pressed the green button. A gadget slid out.

"An inertial navigator," I told her. "See how that pen has been moving across the moving roll of maps? It has been recording our exact position and movements. The device was perfected in England two years ago. Please look at the map and tell me where we are."

Cin looked at the map. "We're off the Grand Banks of Newfoundland in two hundred fathoms of water."

"Hmmm," I said, "I can hardly credit that."

"Well, would you believe thirty feet of water off Cape Sable?" countered Cin.

"No," I said. "Evidently they haven't got all the bugs out of the navigator yet."

"Eeeek!" cried Cin.

"A foe creeping up on us?" I gasped.

"A cockroach creeping over my legs," shuddered Cin. "It came out of the inertial navigator. I guess they had the inertial navigator stored in a cockroach infested kitchen."

"The cafeteria, most likely," I agreed. "However, now that that bug is out of the inertial navigator, the recording pen is moving, moving over to—Pecan Peak, North Carolina. Just so. Our objective is but five miles ahead."

"And our objective is?" asked Cin, making notes in her script book.

I consulted my Mission Manual. "The stately home of Brenda Beauregard, just outside of Beauregard, North Carolina. Miss Beauregard, according to my

briefing notes, won fifty thousand dollars in the Turkish Sweepstakes last year."

"Lucky girl," murmured Cin.

"That," I said tersely, "depends upon how I decide to liquidate her. If I determine she's the KRUNCH agent we seek, that is," I added hastily.

"According to a photo-stat news story included with my briefing notes," I went on, "Miss Beauregard stated that, and I quote: *'Winning fifty thousand dollars will not cause me to change my way of life in the slightest. I shall go right on being an ardent amateur balloonist, which has been my hobby for years, as you-all know.'*"

"How interesting," said Cin, making more notes.

"Suspicious, I call it," I muttered.

But then we ceased to make notes and mutter, respectively, for the Mercedes 540-K thundered over the crest of a hill and before us lay Tala, the stately plantation home of Brenda Beauregard.

"What a stately plantation home!" gasped Cin. "How I'd love to burn it to make a dramatic scene for a Civil War movie!"

"If we can be sure Brenda is locked inside," I muttered, "you may get your wish."

"Goody!" said Cin. "I hope she proves to be the guilty party. A girl producer-director-writer never has too much fire havoc footage."

We pulled up in front of Tala.

And at that instant a cloud passed over the sun.

Could it be an omen? I wondered.

(Indeed it so proved, as events were shortly to prove. Events so shocking, so erotic that...but I anticipate.)

It shore is friendly having you nice folks drop in," Brenda Beauregard assured us as we sipped mint juleps on her gracious and spacious porch. "Uh, to what do Ah owe the pleasure of your company?"

What? Quickly I consulted my Mission Manual.

"Why, we're from *THREE H Magazine,*" I told her.

"Three aitch?" frowned Cin.

"Yes. Hydrogen, Helium and Hot air," I said; casually kicking her shin. "The ballooning magazine we work for, remember?"

"Oh. Oh yes," said Cin. "That's where we work all right. If it's lighter than air, our magazine will expose it. I mean cover it."

"Your fame as an amateur balloonist is nation-wide—worldwide, in fact," I assured Brenda. "Triple H is anxious to do an eight-page spread. Photographs, a long interview, the whole bit. In full color."

"What an honor!" cried Brenda. "I guess it's true what mah radical friends say—not all damnyankees are scum. You-all will be my guests hyah at Tala, of course."

"Why, I wouldn't think of imposing on you," I said. "However, since you insist, we'll accept. It's too late to take pictures this afternoon, so why don't we just talk? About balloons, that is."

"Ah'd love nothin' better!" enthused Brenda

"Me too," said Cin. "I've never met a girl balloon before."

"The term is balloonist, honey," smiled Brenda. A cold smile. "Are you new at the magazine, dahlin'?"

"Very new," I said quickly. "But she's learning fast. Smart girl, Miss Scopes. Can do just about everything."

"And most likely does," murmured Brenda sweetly. "She reminds me a whole lot of a girl who we-all decent citizens ran out of town last year. Round Heels Rhoda they called her. I declare, there isn't a lamppost in Beauville that isn't tilted at an angle on account of her professional activities. But Ah can see now there isn't much resemblance. She was a much younger girl. About thirty."

"And you, Miss Beauregard," smiled Cin, "remind me of a girl I saw in a movie once. Have you ever made a movie? Wearing just a mask and high heels?"

"I'll have another mint julep, please," I said hastily.

"Mah pleasure," cooed Brenda. "Ah could tell right off you were a person of quality."

"Most likely she's the KRUNCH agent," muttered Cin while Brenda walked down the porch to refill my mint julep. "That fat chick is rotten to the core."

I frowned. By no stretch of the imagination could Brenda be described as fat. Well-nourished, perhaps. Amazonic. Voluptuous. Ripe-bodied. But not fat.

Brenda Beauregard, in short, was a living doll. She was a honey blonde, with long, flowing tresses. And like I say, built. Her boobies would have snapped a steel forty-two inch tape, with plenty of spring power left over.

Her hips were wide and wanton, her buttocks shapely and flaring, her thighs long and lovely.

And she knew how to walk. The way her hips swayed from side to side (in a ladylike manner) as she sauntered back toward us with my mint julep in her shapely hand proved that.

"Uh, that's an interesting at-home costume you're wearing Miss Beauregard," I said. "You rarely see hoop skirts any more."

"Not cut six inches above the knee," muttered Cin.

"Call me Brenda, honey," said Brenda addressing me and pointedly ignoring Cin. "It's a wee bit old-fashioned of me to wear hoop skirts, Ah suppose. But Ah like to maintain the gracious traditions of the Old South. Wearin' a hoop mini-skirt is mah way of reconciling old customs with modern fashion. You like it?" she added, twirling with surprising daintiness for such an Amazonically proportioned chick.

"I'll say," I panted.

Brenda's hoop mini-skirt might normally end six inches above her shapely knees, but when she twirled

it went up like a hoola hoop revealing her saucy buttocks and her enticing hips and loins. Goodies which were covered but not hidden by the magnolia mini-panties she wore.

And what goodies...

Brenda was built the way all honey blondes should be built.

Made the way I like girls to be made when I hope to make them.

"Ah had this outfit made to mah own design," said Brenda. "For entertainin' friends, Ah simply unsnap this lil' old front panel—and it's a topless dress."

"Ah—I mean I'll say!" I gasped.

And well I might gasp.

For when she'd unsnapped the front panel, out sprang two huge, full, firm, delectable-looking boobies. Boobies which thrust out proudly, arrogantly but with a kind of friendly arrogance.

Brenda's boobs—like the rest of her, for that matter—were milk white in color and flawlessly complected.

Dead in the center of each of her titanic breasts shocking pink nipples as big as the tip of her shapely thumb jutted out from the soft pink halo of her aureoles.

Brenda sat down gracefully, and the motion caused her enormous (yet incredibly shapely) breasts to sway and bobble enticingly and erotically.

"Ah don't usually wear a topless dress when entertainin' strange men," she informed me. "But ah don't think of you as a stranger any more. Now, shall we start talking about my balloons?"

"I thought that's what we were talking about," muttered Cin.

"What a droll conceit," smiled Brenda with frost in her eyes. "These balloons don't need to be inflated," she said proudly, hefting her huge breasts with her dainty hands.

I almost choked over my mint julep watching all

that luscious fun flesh bounce and jiggle.

"It is a tiny bit of a problem, having such fantastically large and fantastically shapely balloons—I mean boobies," Brenda confided with a fetching blush. "I find that so many flat-chested girls..." she smiled sweetly at Cin "...are insanely jealous."

"About your balloons," I said quickly. "That is, your man-made balloons. I mean your balloons that can carry a man. Your other balloons, that is. Are they hot air, helium or hydrogen?"

"Hydrogen," said Brenda proudly. "It may be dangerous, but it's the most effective lifting agent. And, in keeping with the traditions of the Old South, Ah like to live and balloon dangerously."

"Admirable," I said.

"As Ah don't have to tell you, Ah'm sure," Brenda went on, leaning toward me with the look of a fanatic in her baby blue eyes, "amateur ballooning is undergoing a wonderful renascence."

"Renaissance," corrected Cin.

"Renascence," snapped Brenda. "Look it up. Ah take it you can read?"

"Now girls," I said hastily, "let's not argue over semantics."

"Ah say amen to that," said Brenda. "Ah hate to even think about minority groups."

"?" I wondered to myself.

And while I wondered I tried with scant success to keep my eyes on Brenda's fanatically gleaming orbs, instead of on her swaying breasts which were pendluming sensuously as she leaned forward.

How blissful, I thought, to have some portion of my anatomy, any portion of my anatomy in position between those swaying spheres of sexual splendor.

How exciting it would be to feel that soft yet firm flesh nudge and bump against one's—one's own flesh...

What games one could devise, what innocent erotic pastimes one could while away the night with.

"How do you steer them?" asked Cin.

"She doesn't have to," I muttered. "They sway naturally when—oh! You mean hydrogen balloons. One doesn't steer a free balloon, Cin. One merely drifts as the boobies—I mean wind—takes one."

"Naturally," said Brenda. To me she whispered: "Yoh friend is rather stupid, isn't she?"

"Yes," I whispered back.

"So you never know each time you take off when or where you're going to go down—I mean come down?" persisted Cin.

"Ah study the weather reports, sugah," said Brenda. "If Ah want to go West, Ah wait for a Westerly wind. Likewise East and South. I nevah go Nohth."

"Pity," said Cin, meaning—well, I'm not sure what she meant. But I don't think she meant it kindly.

"As foh goin' down or up," said Brenda, "Ah drop sandbags when Ah wish to ascend, let out gas when Ah wish to go down."

Cin snickered for some reason.

"Uh, have you made any long flights?" I asked.

"Ah surely have. Ah drifted all the way to Kansas City, Kansas one time."

"I knew a drifter once," noted Cin. "He's on Skid Row now. So many bums of both sexes seem to end there sooner or later."

"Ah'm sure you know more about that than Ah do," said Brenda with a blank stare. "Ah prefer to associate with gentlfolk like—what was yoh name, honey?"

"Anderson," I said. "Trevor Anderson. A distant cousin of mine founded Andersonville, I understand."

"How thrillin'!" gasped Brenda. "That was sort of a guest house for Yankee soldiers in the Great War," she told Cin.

"Hah!" said Cin.

"Why," said Brenda resting a lady-like hand on my upper thigh, "Ah could talk all night with an interestin' person of quality like you. Shall we all go inside and...talk?"

"Why not?" I said.

And we trooped inside.

And what shockingly erotic things we found...

8

BRENDA'S GRACIOUS plantation house, Tala, was equally spacious and gracious inside.

More so, if anything. But cluttered. Like, bullet-torn or moth-eaten Confederate battle flags hung from the ceilings, ante-bellum photographs lined the walls.

Most walls, that is. Lining several walls were huge paintings of Brenda. In the nude. Shockingly, erotically, shamelessly nude.

"Wow!" I said.

"Thank you," said Brenda. "Ah took a great interest in art when Ah was twenty, last year. Ah think artists are so...*artistic*. When they begged and begged me to pose for them, Ah just couldn't refuse."

"Good for you," I said, gaping at the dozens of life-size and bigger than life-size nudes on the walls. "Do you have any photos I might have for my personal file? I mean, for our magazine?"

"Certainly not!" said Brenda. "Ah never pose for photographers. On account of mah mother told me all photographers are dirty old men, even when they're

young. She and Daddy used to argue the point quite frequently. Daddy was a photographer, you see."

"I take pictures myself," said Cin, doing just that.

"Ah realize that, sugah," said Brenda. "Ah wasn't implyin' that you were a dirty old man. You're a woman."

"And a lady," snapped Cin.

"Ah'm sure you are, sugah," said Brenda. "No doubt one of the finest that ever walked the streets."

"Mae West used that line," scowled Cin.

"No doubt she had you in mind," said Brenda. "But as Ah was sayin', Trevor honey, mah Daddy loved to take photographs. Foh sentimental reasons Ah have some hanging in mah bedroom. Would you care to see them?"

"A whole heap," I assured her.

"Then shall we go?" purred Brenda. "We can have a snack sent up. Miss Scopes can eat in the kitchen with the hired hands."

"She'll be honored to, I'm sure," I said. "If she wants to continue working with me, that is."

So it was that, glowering, Cin departed for the kitchen. While Brenda and I headed for her gracious bedroom.

And what a bedroom!.

"Wow! What pictures your Daddy took!" I exclaimed. "I can see why your mother considered photographers to be lecherous if not dirty old men!"

And in all truth I had rarely, outside of Kinsey's locked files, seen so many erotic photographs of luscious nude teen-age girls doing—unimaginable things. With a smile.

One entire wall of Brenda's gracious bedroom was covered with photographic cheesecake. Bosoms and bellies and thighs and buttocks jutted in wild abandon. Or even more thrilling action.

"Golly," I enthused. "What a ball your Daddy must have had. How did he get so many well-stacked teen-

age chicks to pose for him in the nude? At rest and in action?"

"He taught photography at the Magnolia Township High School," Brenda explained. "It was a compulsory course for girls. And Daddy graded on the curve, as they say."

"You mean," I said, "that if his luscious girl students declined to pose for him in the nude—for strictly artistic purposes, of course—he flunked them?"

"More," conceded Brenda, "or less."

"Deplorable," I commented.

"In a manner of speaking," agreed Brenda. "But lookin' back, I can see that pore Daddy had to get his kicks someway. Like mother was an alcoholic. In a genteel sort of way, of course. So dear departed Daddy took an interest in the development of pictures. Also the development of young girls. That is, young girls who were well-developed attracted Daddy's interest. Regardless of race, age or previous misdemeanors."

"And the luscious young ladies in those photographs?" I asked.

"Represent some of his A-students."

"I'd have rated them all A-plus," I muttered. "I take it your mother and father are no longer with you?"

"That is, alas, correct," admitted Brenda. "Daddy's hiding out in Panama to avoid extradition for some things he did. Mother went with him on account of liquor is so cheap down there. Leaving me an orphan. With nothing but mah plantation house, Tala. And a decent income. Plus Daddy's pictures on the wall. In a way, those pictures rebuilt Tala and paid for my ballooning hobby."

"Elucidate," I urged her.

"Shame on you!" giggled Brenda. "A man isn't supposed to come right out and ask a girl to do that. He's supposed to seduce her first."

"Oh," I said. "Well, later for that—not much later, however. Meanwhile, please tell me how those girls

paid for Tala's restoration."

"Simply," said Brenda, "that Daddy took erotic nude pictures of hundreds and hundreds of high school co-eds. Senior class after senior class of Magnolia Township High School."

"I understand," I said. "As time went on, naturally, a large percentage of those young ladies married. A moderate percentage married money. And a small but significant percentage married big money."

"That is correct," said Brenda. "And whenever Daddy heard that one of his girls, as he called them, had struck it rich, so to speak, he sat right down and wrote them a letter congratulating them on making a rich marriage. And mentioning in passing how much money it was costing restoring Tala. He always enclosed an eight-by-ten glossy print that he'd taken years before, in case the now rich girl had forgotten who he was. And would you believe it?"

"Every single girl started sending small but significant monthly contributions?" I offered.

"Why, that's just what they did! How clever of you to guess. But enough of mah family traditions. Was there a question you wanted to ask me?" she queried, sitting and then reclining on her gracious spacious bed, a gesture which hiked up her hoop skirt and caused her bare boobies to tremble and sway.

I sat down on the bed next to her, let my hand slide, as if by accident, up her ripe and luscious naked thigh. All the way up.

"There is one question I'd like to ask you, Brenda honey," I whispered. "The question is, do you keep tropical fish?"

"Ah was hopin' and hopin' you'd ask that question!" sighed Brenda. "Ah have five tanks of the lil' darlin's. Ah'll show them to you right now unless, perchance, there was another question you wanted to ask me...?"

"Happens there is," I grunted as I tugged down her magnolia mini-panties. And I asked the other question.

"Nevah!" gasped Brenda, lifting her hips so that I could more easily tug down her hoop mini-skirt. "Nevah on the first date, at least. However in your case Ah'll make an exception. Pleasure me, you tall dark saturnine Yankee, you!"

So, for a number of reasons, I pleasured her.

And what a pleasure it proved...

Forgetful, momentarily, of duty, tropical fish, Tala, Cin, SADISTO and duty, I pulled off Brenda's mini-panties, gently pulled off her cameo (and what cameos!) earrings, then savagely pulled her into my arms.

"Aren't you forgetting something?" murmured Brenda as she playfully pretended to push my hands away from her enormous breasts.

"What?" I wheezed.

"Yo' clothes, silly!" said Brenda.

"You're right," I conceded, rising to my feet and hastily disrobing.

Almost all the way.

I say *almost all the way* because, when I'd stripped to my shorts, Brenda breathed: "Would you like me to help you, sugah?"

"I would," I confessed, "like nothin'—I mean nothing better."

"Then Ah'll help you," lisped Brenda—no easy feat, seeing as how the phrase *Then Ah'll help you* contains no esses.

And moments later she was helping me. Helping me go out of my mind with erotic anticipation as her soft and ladylike hands tugged suggestively at my shorts.

Lower and lower she tugged them while she knelt almost worshipfully in front of me.

And as she tugged them lower and lower she kissed me with her full, soft, moist, magnolia lips.

Kissed my waistline, kissed the top of my abdomen, kissed my navel...

While she continued to tug my shorts lower and

lower.

And lower.

And still lower...

"Don't," I gasped, "feel you must hurry. Haste makes—or the reverse...or something. Ah—ah yes! Oh yes indeed! Just another dozen kisses right there, Brenda baby..."

"Ah think Ah'll stop kissin' you now," sighed Brenda. "You all are gettin' just a wee bit too excited. Stop a-clutchin' mah head, please. Yo' fingers are gettin' tangled in mah hair."

"Sorry about that," I said. "I got, gasp, a bit carried away. When girls kiss me that way on the navel I just about go ape."

"So Ah noticed," purred Brenda. "Shall we-all adjourn to mah spacious gracious bed?"

"Let's," I said.

And we did.

And an instant later she had melted into my arms and her sweet and wanton lips were locked to my mouth, her tempestuous tongue was stabbing impudently into my receptive mouth.

I slid my arms around her naked charms, slid one hand up her back to fondle the nape of her neck, hidden as it was by the silken curtain of her honey-blonde hair, slid the other hand down her spine (which made her giggle through her nose) to find and fondle the sumptuous pleasure domes of her buttocks.

What rounded rapture lay in her rump...how suggestively her soft flesh yielded to my squeezing and kneading fingers...how satiny soft her flesh was, how hot, how exciting...

Meanwhile the pneumatic peaks of her mighty breasts were thrusting softly against my chest, the soft fire of her belly was inflaming my abdomen...

Then we broke the rapturuous suction of our kiss and Brenda rolled gasping on her back.

I knelt beside her and nuzzled and kissed the feast

of feminine flesh which lay spread before me. I nuzzled and kissed her soaring breasts from base-line to summit, kissed their jutting nipples, tonguing them into throbbing life...

I kissed the pulsing hollow of her throat, kissed shut her baby blue eyes, kissed her cheeks, her cheekbones, her lips, the tip of her nose...

I kissed her white throat, kissed her shoulders and upper arms, then kissed the twin shapely turrets of her breasts all over again...and again...and again!

I kissed her wanton waist, her wide hips, the creamy sumptuousness of her belly...

I kissed her full firm thighs, inside and out, up and down and around, kissing in a hair-pin pattern that made Brenda giggle and gasp each time I turned the curve...

She squirmed and writhed beneath me on the bed, rolled and wriggled in rapture.

Gently I grasped her lovely legs and pushed them wide apart, the easier to kiss her inner thighs. And then I bent and kissed her, kissed her where she craved to be kissed, where each stabbing, thrusting, teasing kiss made her jump as if she'd been jabbed with a live wire...

Long, long I kissed her—then I flipped her. Flipped her over, that is, and began kissing my way up and down her flip side.

I kissed my way from the nape of her neck to the ladylike soles of her feet, kissed the backs of her thighs, kissed the succulent creamy rounded delight of her buttocks...

"That feels so good, Trevor honey!" gasped Brenda. "But why don't you' let lil' old me kiss you for a change?"

"Willingly," I said, stretching on my back.

And she began to kiss me.

Playfully but pruriently...

Actively, ardently, arousingly...

She kissed my fevered brow and my feverish lips, my heaving chest and my quivering expectation...

She kissed me everywhere and anywhere with enthusiasm.

And all the while she was kissing me, and fondling me with her ladylike fingers, she was crooning soft, unintelligible words of love...or perhaps lust.

"Now," she murmured at last, "now lets you kiss me and me kiss you together..."

And she slid gracefully onto her back and spread her long legs far apart and waited.

Waited while I lurched to my hands and knees. I say lurched because I was weak with pent-up passion, dizzy with compressed desire.

Where was she? I looked around her huge spacious gracious bed. Ah, there she was. I crawled toward her, bent and kissed her lily-white brow. I moved forward a bit, kissed her snub nose, moved forward more, kissed her full lips...

Thus moving and kissing, I kissed my way down her throat and up, all the way up her soaring bosom, lingering awhile at that spot (or spots). Then I kissed my way down the slopes of her boobies and kissed her belly.

And so it was that, not long afterward, I found myself kissing the honey blonde delight of her most feminine charms while her soft arms reached up to enfold me and stroke me—and her lovely head craned upward to kiss me enfoldingly, scorchingly yet soothingly, tongue-twistingly, torridly...

And then she began to jerk and buck convulsively beneath me and at the same instant I felt an irresistable onrushing of emotion surge through me.

A jetting, pulsing, pushing, fountaining outpouring of bliss that made the room spin around me, made fireworks explode in my skull, made waves of incandescent rapture centrificate out from the throbbing core of my being...

It was splendor and insanity, a pulsing effusion and suffusion of warmth, a fantasmic orgasmic ultimacy, the blowing of a million fuses, the short circuiting of every joyous nerve cell in my body...

I couldn't stay on my hands and knees, almost fell to one side or just collapsed on top of the honey-blonde bliss babe beneath me...

And then sanity returned and reality returned and, with a sigh and a moan, we stopped kissing each other.

"Ah could use a drink about now," whispered Brenda some moments later.

"Ah could too," I panted.

So we had a drink.

Two drinks in fact.

Then, reluctantly, I got down to business.

Grim business.

"About these tropical fish of yours," I said grimly, momentarily stopping stroking Brenda's nude and voluptuous charms.

"Oh yes!" said Brenda. "Ah'll show them to you. The lil' darlin's are downstairs. This way, sugah honey."

"I'm right behind you," I said, climbing after her off the bed, my eyes on the gleaming, swaying beacon of her bountiful behind. "Uh, shouldn't we slip some clothes on first, though?"

"No need, darlin'," Brenda assured me. "The servants are all in bed by now."

"At six in the evening?"

"Yes. It's time for their sex hour. I declare, the workin' classes demand mo' and mo' all the time. Ah had to give them time off foh orgies or they wouldn't stay."

"Interesting," I said. "Are they old family retainers?"

"No, alas. All our old family retainers went Nohth. And you wouldn't believe the things they called mah parents and me before they left. So ah had to import mah domestics. From Sweden. Ah declare, those Swedish boys and girls are sex crazy?"

"Your imported domestics are a source of aggravation to you, eh?" I said, wondering if her staff had been shipped as a package from KRUNCH's Swedish branch.

She giggled. "Foh shame, Trevor honey. Though Ah must confess that now and then Ah slip below stairs and let those lusty Swedish boys aggravate me just a little bit."

"I see," I said. "Or I think I see."

Meanwhile we had descended to the main floor of Tala, where I followed Brenda's undulating hips and buttocks into the library. And there were five tanks of tropical fish.

My eyes narrowed as I scanned the tanks. Then my eyes un-narrowed.

"Guppies, platies, mollie, angel fish, swordtails, catfish, zebra danios, pearl danios and an elephant-nose fish," I frowned. "Where do you keep the you-know-what?"

"Right through that door, darlin'," said Brenda. "Use the guest towel."

"I was referring to your Piranha fish!" I snapped.

"Why," said Brenda, "Ah wouldn't have one of them mean lil' critters in the house!"

"You keep them in a separate building?" I suggested. "Like they have at fish farms?"

"Certainly not!" cried Brenda. "Why, Ah wouldn't let a Piranha set fin on mah grounds!"

Hmmm, I mused. Her emphatic denials had the ring of truth. But, I knew, KRUNCH agents were trained in mendacity. All the KRUNCH agents I'd tangled with could tell lies with the ring of truth.

Should I give her the benefit of the doubt?

No. The SADISTO Agents' Manual was specific and emphatic on that point.

Well, no point in rushing things. I had the night to kill, and if I killed Brenda now I'd have to kill it alone. Or with Cin. And I was mad at Cin.

"What foh is you mad at sin?" asked Brenda. "Ah think sin is heaps of fun."

"Sorry. Didn't realize I was talking aloud," I said. "And you mis-heard me. I was musing that I'm mad for sin."

"Then take me and slake me!" she cried, opening her luscious arms wide.

"In front of all those staring, open-mouthed fish?"

"Don't worry about mah lil' fish," giggled Brenda. "The sex lives they lead, they got no call to talk. 'Sides, they can't talk."

"How true," I muttered, taking Brenda into my arms. And again our lips locked and our bodies merged together. Together we tumbled to Brenda's spacious gracious floor and rolled on the rug in the frantic fervor of our lovemaking.

And as I kissed and caressed Brenda and she kissed and caressed me, I saw Cin tiptoe into the library clutching a hand-held camera. She consulted a light meter, began filming us.

Confound the woman! I fumed silently. But for the General's strict orders to allow her to photograph me in action at any and all times, I'd have told her off in no uncertain terms.

As it was I merely ignored her and went on making passionate love to Brenda.

Brenda didn't even notice her, fortunately.

So it was that, while I stoked Brenda to new heights of erotic expectancy, and then slaked her pistoningly, powerfully, passionately—Cin moved all around us taking close shots, long shots and medium shots.

She even took some shots through the tanks of tropical fish. What a confused but no doubt artistic montage that would make, I reflected.

Then I put her from my mind and put my whole

being into the jumping, jolting, joyous package of pleasure I was slaking.

And slaked her good.

By the time I was through slaking her, Cin had vanished. And I saw no sign of her as Brenda and I, after a wolfed snack of fried chicken, retired upstairs to Brenda's spacious bedroom and bed and turned out the light.

Though I had the nagging feeling most of the night that Cin might be prowling around the bedroom in the dark taking infra-red movies.

(She was, I learned later.)

After which, came the dawn.

And what a grisly, flaming dawn it proved to be...

9

LOOKING TRIM AND petite in a scarlet mini-skirt and a deep-plunging emerald mini-blouse, Cin, hand-held camera in her hand, trotted eagerly behind me as I strode across the launching field.

A sunny North Carolina morning had dawned and Brenda, still believing we were from a balloonist magazine—unless, that is, she was the KRUNCH agent; in which case she must be suspecting plenty—had declared that she would make an ascension for the benefit of *Hot Air, Hydrogen & Helium Magazine.*

Which she was now preparing to do.

"How interesting all this is," panted Cin as she trotted beside me and tried to take hand-held movies at the same time. "Just like *Around The World In Eighty Days.* Or the dueling scene in *Those Magnificent Men In Their Flying Machines. Or The Red Baloon.*"

"I didn't see that one," I said.

"Neither did I, come to think of it," panted Cin. "I think it was about a Russian balloonist."

Meanwhile we had neared the balloon, which was

tugging at its lines. Lines held by Brenda's team of imported Swedish domestics.

"Wow!" gasped Cin. "What an impressive balloon!"

Wow, I thought to myself, *what a bunch of luscious flaxen-haired Swedish chicks!*

"And come to think of it," continued Cin, "what a bunch of handsome Swedish boys..."

"Hurry, you-all!" yelled Brenda. "Ah'm about to go up! How do you-all like mah newest balloon?"

"Great, just great," said Cin.

"Yeck!" I said, though quietly. In point of fact, I'd expected something round and colorful in the way of balloons. Pink and white stripes maybe. With a flag on top, like you see in old prints of balloons.

Brenda's balloon, however, was made of transparent polyethelene—the stuff you get your suit back in from the cleaners. I knew, from my technical premission briefing, that plastic balloons were much more efficient, also cheaper; but even so I was disappointed.

Brenda's balloon looked—well, I'd hate to say what it looked like. Like a transparent girl's stocking with a transparent grapefruit at the end. Only upside down, if you know what I mean. It was thin most of the way to the top, where it bulged out.

I knew from my briefing that the gas in such balloons expanded at higher altitudes, making the balloon round eventually. But to my way of thinking a balloon should be round even at ground level. Also cheerfully painted.

Even the car, as Brenda termed it, was a disappointment. I'd expected a square wicker basket, but her car was made of aluminum tubing with fiberglass netting around it.

Brenda, however, looked fetching as she stood in her balloon car, which was now ten feet off the ground. She was wearing a white dress and hoopskirt, a full-length hoopskirt this time, and from a short distance

she looked like Scarlet O'Hara in the air.

However, though her hoopskirt was full-length, Brenda was ten feet in the air and we were (by that time) directly below her. Hency my view of her long, luscious legs and her ample but shapely buttocks was unobstructed. And, doubtless to save weight, this time she wasn't wearing any panties.

Cin tilted her hand-held camera up and began shooting.

"Here Ah go!" called Brenda. "Up into the wild blue yonder. See you all soon, Ah hope!"

"Ow!" yelled Cin as a sandbag, dropped by Brenda, slammed into her toes.

"So sorry, dahlin'," shortled Brenda.

Cin said nothing, for the excellent reason that she and her hand-held camera were prone on the ground, both having been hit by another brace of sandbags Brenda had dropped.

"And away Ah go!" squealed Brenda.

Her Swedish ground crew let go their lines and cheered and shouted suggestions. Rather vulgar suggestions, I noted—for as a trained SADISTO agent I of course speak Swedish. Brenda, however, evidently didn't, for she waved and blew kisses as her balloon soared...

Five feet.

After which it gently dropped five feet, and remained hovering above the ground.

"Ah declare!" sobbed Brenda. "Ah dropped all mah sandbags. Those scallywags who sold me those hydrogen cylinders cheated me. They wasn't full! Oh how will Ah ascend? Ah have no more weights to drop..."

I cupped my hands to my mouth and shouted a suggestion.

"What a brilliant ideah!" cried Brenda, hastily divesting herself of dress and hoopskirt and tossing same overside.

And, gently, the balloon, divested of just enough extra weight, began to ascend. And with it went Brenda, nude and waving and blowing kisses.

Meanwhile her Swedish ground crew and/or imported domestic servants had started racing for the house. Doubtless to make Swedish meatballs.

I stopped the runner in front, a buxom-breasted blonde babe with waist-length blonde hair and a revealing maid's costume.

"Tell me, chesty chick," I said (in Swedish). "Are your companions on their way to make meatballs?"

"How did you know my nickname?" she gasped. "Leggo! I want to be alone!"

And across the grass she dashed, a gang of lusty teen-age Swedish boys at her heels. And at their heels were a gang of lusty Swedish girls.

What a temptation to trip and titillate a few...

But now, I had a job, a grim job to do.

I whipped out my Walther PPK, slid out the magazine loaded with dum-dum slugs tipped with strychnine and cobra venom, slid in a magazine loaded with incendiary bullets.

I raised the gun, aimed at Brenda's balloon high above me—very high above me: she must have caught an updraft. I began to fire, steadying my right arm with my left, aiming carefully and allowing as best I could for wind and drift.

Phhhht! Phhhht! Phhhht! went the Walther.

And then *Phhhht! Phhhht! Phhhht!*

And, as I fired my last shot, I saw the now distant balloon glow a dull red, then brighten to crimson, then burst into raging flames. And down, down, down, plummetted the balloon's car and Brenda.

"That," I snarled, "will teach you to threaten the entire North American population which swims, boats or wades in fresh water! If, that is, you were the KRUNCH agent I was seeking..."

"What happened?" moaned Cin, climbing unsteadily

to her feet.

"You got sandbagged," I said. "By Brenda. Whose balloon, by the way, just spontaneously exploded into raging flames and crashed. While Brenda was naked and without a parachute beneath it."

"Pity," said Cin, rubbing her bruised head, "that I didn't get to photograph it. Well, what next?"

I consulted my Mission Manual.

"We hit the road," I said. "Driving South until we hit Miami. After which we head South just a lil'—I mean little bit more, until we reach Spinner Key Marina. And Spin Cutter, a yachting type girl. Who may well be, for all we know, the vicious KRUNCH agent we seek."

"Let's seek her," said Cin grimly, reloading her hand-held camera.

And we did. And found her.

With shocking results!

"How sweet it is," mused Cin, "to see again palm trees and sniff again the salt-sea air. We might be in California, almost..."

"We are instead," I told her, "just South of Miami, approaching Spinner Key Marina."

As indeed we were.

And moments later we were driving our Mercedes into the huge parking lot which fronts Spinner Key. We parked and strolled toward the waterfront, the waterfront which was lousy with piers, each of which was lousy with slips, to each of which a boat, or reasonable facsimilie thereof was tied up.

"This chick we're seeking," I told Cin, who was busy photographing the scene (and what a scene!) "lives aboard a sailing vessel tied up to Pier A."

"Even in Hollywood," said Cin, "we've heard about Pier A, Spinner Key Marina. It's almost as famous as Pier 1, Dinner Key Marina, in Coral Gables, just South of Miami."

"But that marina," I reminded her, "has no connection with Spinner Key Marina, in Cable Grables. Pier 1, Dinner Key Marina, is known as the Beatnick Pier. Pier A, Spinner Key Marina, however, is a much more swinging place."

"You've been here before, I take it," murmured Cin, rotating her camera to take in the entire swinging scene.

"Have I ever!" I commented. "Both on and off assignment. What a swinging place! From boat to boat it's bash to bash all night long—after which the morning orgies begin. What footloose beatchicks! What fun-seeking co-eds! What jaded seagoing female thrill-seekers! What a place to nudge the prow of your vessel into!"

"Hmmmm," said Cin, wheeling her camera around to take in the gymnastics of a group of athletically inclined bikini-clad maidens who were bending and twisting aboard a wide-decked house boat of ancient vintage. "I wonder why those all but naked girls are carrying on in such a fashion?"

"In order," I told her, "to attract the attention of a dark, handsome, saturnine male they see approaching. Namely me. It's the informal custom of available babes vacationing or residing aboard boats tied to Pier A to make themselves—noticed—by visiting attractive males."

"You mean those chubby teen-age girls in revealing bikinis are doing headstands, arching their backs to make their jutting breasts thrust out, and touching their shapely toes suggestively for your benefit?"

"Not for your benefit, I trust," I commented, smiling suggestively toward the exercising cuties. "Around Pier A, believe it or not, virile men are in short supply. I daresay I represent total satisfaction to all twelve or so of those lusty lasses."

"You mean each thinks you could satisfy her alone?" inquired Cin, still photographing the nautical

scene with her hand-held camera.

"I mean," I said modestly, "that I alone, single, uh, handed could make all twelve or so of those babes happy. Just by my virile self."

"Hmmmmph!" said Cin. "A bit boastful, aren't we?"

"I speak from personal experience," I said modestly. "Some of which experience was gained right here on, or close aboard, Pier A. But later for the details of my almost unbelievable sexual exploits. Let's find this Spin Cutter chick we seek."

"An unusual if not wholly incredible name," muttered Cin.

"Not," I assured her, "so. Spin, according to my Mission Manual, is short for Spinaker—a name usually given to a full-bodied sail, but often awarded to a full-bodied girl. Ah, here we are. Slip Sixteen. And tied up to Slip Sixteen is a single-masted sailing vessel, the mast of which is more than one third of the distance from bow to stern. Which makes it—"

"A cutter," injected a ravishingly beautiful girl with jet black hair and even blacker eyelashes and deep violet eyes. "Are you by any chance the folks from Ho Ho Kus, New Jersey who wrote expressing an interest in buying my boat?"

"That's us," I said quickly. "We're really in the market for a sea-going single-masted vessel. Cat boats of a practical size are too small. And sloops, as you no doubt know, render efficient sail trimming difficult in heavy weather."

"And yawls and ketches," put in Cin, to my surprise, for I hadn't credited her with any sea-going know-how, "sacrifice too much windward sailing ability for the ease of sail-handling their split rigs provide."

"You sure said a mouthful," nodded the sooty-haired, sooty eyebrowed babe who'd accosted us. "Come aboard my cutter and we'll spin yarns and

such. Cutter's my name. Sailing's my game."

We climbed aboard her boat, an old but rugged wooden vessel about forty-feet long.

Though in all honesty, I'd have much sooner climbed aboard Spin Cutter. What a seagoing shape! You know how some girls are sort of roundedly compact? Not fat, but, well compact? That was the way Spin was built.

Rounded breasts (about the size of grapefruit), rounded buttocks (beachball size), and fully packed (but lusciously curved) thighs.

Her flesh was smooth, so taut it gleamed, and tanned a rich brown. A lot of her tan was visible, too, since her costume consisted of only a yachting cap and a Navy blue mini-bikini. Only the tips of her full, rounded breasts and her fertile crescent were covered with cloth; the rest of the bikini consisted of Navy blue string.

Thin string.

I followed Spin's luscious buttocks, which were ninety-nine per cent exposed and a hundred per cent grabbable, down the companionway to her cabin, Cin at my heels clutching her hand-held camera.

"What an unusual layout," I commented. "Nothing below but six inches of foam rubber from fore to aft."

"I thought I wrote you folks about that," said Spin, tossing her sooty black hair. "This was once a work boat..."

"I can imagine what kind of work," muttered Cin, adjusting her lens aperture.

"...but I'm converting it into a pleasure boat," finished Spin.

"Six inches of foam rubber on the floor is a good start toward pleasure," I agreed.

"Oh it's just temporary," explained our nautical hostess. "I had a big piece of foam rubber given to me, and by luck it just fitted inside my dream."

"Hows that again?" I queried.

"This vessel. *My Dream*. That's English for *Svaap*."

"Huh?" I said.

"*Svaap*," explained Spin, "was a famous ketch which circumnavigated the world back in the thirties. *Svaap*, of course, is a Sanskrit word meaning *dream*. Since I couldn't very well call my boat *Svaap*, I called it *My Dream*."

"Logical, extremely logical," I averred. "Now, if you don't mind, there are a few questions I'd like to ask you."

"No doubt," agreed Spin. "And while we talk business, why don't you suggest to your mother that she take a stroll around Pier A. There are lots of interesting things she can photograph, though some of them would be refused by commercial developers."

"?" I eyebrowed.

"I must say," continued Spin, "that your mother is very well-preserved. I'd have taken her for your older sister, almost. I hope the drive from New Jersey didn't fatigue her."

"!" gnashed Cin.

"Now, Mother," I said quickly, "you'll need some shots of Spinner Key for your movie—home movies, that is. See you soon, Ma."

Gnashing and grinding her teeth, Cin stomped up the companionway.

"What an agile old lady," commented Spin. "Has she had a face lift?" she asked in a confidential whisper.

"Several," I assured her. "Now about the questions I was going to ask you..."

"I can guess the first," chuckled Spin. "I thought you were in a big hurry to get rid of your dear mother. And the answer to your first question is yes—the stories you've heard about Pier A, Spinner Key Marina are all true. The young girls here put out every chance they get. All of us girls here are incredibly friendly. Also promiscuous. I mean, all the girls are promiscuous except me."

"You're not promiscuous?"

"Well really," said Spin, batting her sooty lashes at me. "Don't you know a girl never describes herself as promiscuous? It just isn't done. A girl can describe other girls as promiscuous, but not herself."

"I see," I said. "Now, if I should ask the other girls on Pier A if you were promiscuous..."

"They'd tell you hell yes," murmured Spin, opening her dark eyes wide and giving me the instant come-on.

"In that case," I panted, "my second question is—but later for my second question. Turning for a moment to my third question—do you keep tropical fish?"

"I thought you were my kind of man," whispered Spin. "Why do so few men ask me that question? Don't they think girls can keep tropical fish as well as men? But to answer your question, yes. They're right over your..."

"Ouch!" I gasped.

"...head," said Spin. "You stood up too quickly. No harm done, however. To my fish tank, that is."

"Hmmmm," I said, studying her fish tank. A twenty-gallon tank suspended from the roof beams of her ship's cabin. The tank swayed gently back and forth like a pendulum each time the *My Dream* rolled.

"Why," I asked, "do you have a suspended fish tank?"

"To keep my precious pets from getting seasick," said Spin. "Fish get seasick very fast aboard a boat."

"That's right, they do," I said. "I remember reading that some place." Quickly I scanned her fish. Neon gobies, clown fish, a demoiselle, a young cow fish...

"But these are salt-water tropical fish," I objected.

"Naturally," said Spin. "That's what you catch

around here. I caught my little pets myself. With a net."

"I'm not interested in marine fish," I said. "Only in the you-know-what."

"It's disconnected," said Spin. "You'll have to use the head in the boat tied up to us."

"I was talking about Piranha fish," I said. "You know what they are, I take it?"

"You some kind of nut?" asked Spin with a smile. "I don't know anything about Piranha fish and I'm not interested in learning. Now, returning to your second question..."

Shrugging, I asked it. Received a positive—joyous, in fact—response and began shedding my clothes fast while Spin slipped out of her yachting cap and mini-bikini.

Instants later my arms were around her waist, my hands clutching her taut brown flesh, my mouth limpet-locked to her luscious lips, our bellies together, our loins surging suggestively into intimate contact...

But even as we clutched and limpet-locked and surged, my thoughts were racing. Could Spin Cutter really be the nautical beatchick she seemed, or was she in reality Serra S. Brandt, the callous KRUNCH agent who was preparing to unleash cold-water acclimated Piranhas upon the unsuspecting boaters and swimmers of America?

No telling.

And, alas, I couldn't afford to give her the benefit of the doubt.

But later for such morbid things...

Meanwhile I'd live in the present.

The pulsing, throbbing, yearning present!

My hands moved over Spin's tanned taut flesh, stroking and polishing her warm soft-firm flesh, exploring the rounded contours of her superb young body, sinking my pleasure-seeking fingers deep into her lovely curves, cupping and caressing every lovely

rounded inch of her.

I made her pouting breasts nestle like erotic doves within my clutching hands, slid my hands over her silken shoulders, over her ripely rounded buttocks which trembled and quivered as if with rapture as I patted and fondled them.

Spin snuggled against me, the scent of her hair making my virile nostrils flare, the animal heat of her lusty young body heating the very center of my emotions.

Her tongue was stabbing into my mouth like a lust-crazed eel, like a fiery, searching, lunging, thrusting serpent of erotic delight.

And as her tongue fenced and wrestled with mine, her super-heated loins began to squirm and writhe against mine, began to thrust and wriggle suggestively.

Very suggestively.

And still we kissed, still our tongues played forbidden games, still our bodies twisted and writhed together.

I writhed as her amorous fingers moved with shocking—pleasingly shocking—familiarity over my body.

She writhed as I stroked her warm soft belly flesh, fondled her tropical torrid zone, as I touched and titillated her, as my hands strayed down the resilient-fleshed splendor of her thighs...

"Oh yes!" she gasped, "oh definitely yes!"

"Anytime you say, baby," I murmured.

"Like now!" she implored.

So I thrust her gently down to the foam rubber-covered floor—or deck—thrust her gently down and knelt between her wide-spread legs, knelt and kissed the soft tanned flatness of her belly, kissed her scorchingly, tongue-probingly...

Then I slid my hands under her shapely calves and bent her legs back slowly, suggestively; back until her toes were touching the foam rubber in back of her head.

"I love making love this way!" sighed Spin.

I grunted. I'm not partial to making conversation while making love.

I merely leaned forward, so that my arms were around her bent back legs, let my shoulders keep her legs jacknifed back while my lips sought her lips, my hands roamed cuppingly and squeezingly over her breasts, and my lower body came into probing, thrusting contact with hers.

"That—that's it!" cried Spin as I thrust myself deep, deep into her embrace. "What a deep penetrating emotion I feel! Piston me, pump me, spear me, invade me!"

"Shut," I gasped, "your voluptuous mouth. If you must speak, speak with your shapely young body."

And she began doing just that. Her encircling, enfolding muscles began to throb and pulse, grip and squeeze me even as I began to thrust and draw back, thrust and draw back forcefully, effectively, purposefully.

Faster and faster I moved, while bliss built within me, within her, while the golden roller coaster swooped up and down, but mostly up, up, up until I felt like a rocket reaching for the sun, a rocket that exploded again and again with dazzling brilliance, shattering force...

The foam rubber rocked, the deck rocked, the boat rocked—and we rocked with them, blinded and bedazzled by the multicolored visions in our brains and the ecstasy in our loins.

Then side by side we rested panting, recovering, recuperating, remembering.

Out of the corner of my eye I could see Cin's nose and movie camera pressed to a porthole, but I ignored them both.

I had other, more grisly things on my mind...

10

"WHAT A GLORIOUS shared experience we just experienced together!" gasped Spin as she lay naked and splendid beside me. "What a soaring ascent to the regions of bliss...what a wonderfully gentle descent. As if I were falling into a huge mound of marshmallow, like that girl."

"Yeah," I said, "just like—huh? Marshmallow? What girl?"

"Oh, just an item in today's paper," mused Spin. "Some girl balloonist in North Carolina. Seems her balloon caught fire by accident so she jumped from the car. Naked and without a parachute. Though why she was naked in the first place is..."

"Later for your comments and analysis," I snapped. "What about this unclad cutie? Did she splatter up the landscape?"

"Only inside the marshmallow factory," said Spin. "Seems she fell through an open skylight, right into a ten-foot pile of marshmallows. The paper quoted her as saying: *'Sweetest landin' Ah evah made!'*"

"!" I fumed.

"We'd better dress," whispered Spin. "I hear your dear mother climping across the deck."

"Right," I said, putting my clothes on fast while Spin wriggled into her mini-bikini.

A moment later Cin descended into the cabin. She did not look happy.

"I suppose you folks would like a demonstration sail," said Spin brightly. "I'll go start the auxiliary."

"Do that," snapped Cin.

Once we were alone she snarled: "That slut! Imagine pretending she thought I was your mother!"

"A natural enough mistake," I soothed. "Apparently this fellow from New Jersey wrote he was bringing his mother with him."

"Hah!" said Cin. "I fear I made a mistake in assuming that balloon-boobed babe was the KRUNCH agent. Obviously this nautical nymph is the cold-blooded killer we're seeking."

"Please," I said coldly, "allow me to make the command decisions in this case. You don't even have the right to give advice and consent. You're just tagging along to take pictures. However, I feel you have a point. This chick may well be guilty of planning monstrous crimes for big money. I cannot and will not give her the benefit of the doubt."

"Goody," said Cin.

"All set for a trial sail, folks?" said Spin, jumping nimbly into the cabin. "We'll motor out under power, then set all sails and..."

"Later," I broke in, "for that. At the moment my dear mother, who is much older than she looks, is feeling seasick and must go ashore. As a dutiful son I must go with her. Why don't you take the boat out yourself? We'll watch and wave from the shore."

"Suits me," said Spin.

Thus it was that, minutes later, Cin and I stood on Pier A and watched Spin Cutter's cutter chug out to sea. A quarter mile out we heard her cut the engine,

watched her hoist the sails. Soon the *My Dream* was gliding away across the emerald-green ocean.

"Haven't," frowned Cin as the cutter grew smaller and smaller, "you forgotten something?"

I patted my pockets. "Why yes," I chuckled. "Looks like I forgot one of my pocket explosive charges. Must have left it aboard the—"

KAHBLOOM!

"Look!" cried Cin. "The cutter has exploded into tiny fragments! There's nothing left but a mushroom-shaped cloud of smoke! What a dreadful if quick fate that evil girl must have suffered!"

"That's show—I mean spy business," I shrugged. "Perpetrating evil today—and fragments tomorrow. Or today, as in this case. Come, we must away. The game's afoot, as the General is fond of saying."

"But we—I mean you just blew up the foul fiend we were seeking," objected Cin.

"Perhaps," I said tersely. "And then again, perhaps not. In this business we leave nothing to chance. Generally, in fact, we leave nothing behind us at all, save shattered buildings and fragmented corpses. In short, we—I mean I must check out the remaining four female winners of the Turkish Sweepstakes."

"All right," said Cin. "At least I'll get some groovy footage. That boat blow-up will really sock the audience hard. It should make for boffo B.O., as *Variety* puts it."

"Just so," I said.

"Where now, 0008?" she queried.

I consulted my Mission Manual.

"We—you, me and our Mercedes 540-K—jet to Venice, California. And check out and liquidate if called for one Fidelia Highet, a chestnut-haired chick whose hobby is hi-fi."

"Figures," muttered Cin. "It's been my observation that people and their names and interests tend to look or sound alike. Just as dog owners tend to re-

semble their dogs—jowlly people owning bulldogs; snub-nosed ladies, Pekes; tail-wagging girls, poodles, et cetera."

"Later for your dubious conclusions," I grated. "We're wasting time. I'll just wind my wrist-watch stem three times and a SADISTO jet should now be on its way to Miami airport to whisk us to the West Coast."

"My stamping grounds..." mused Cin, reloading her hand-held camera.

"They may be your stamping grounds," I said grimly. "But to me Southern California is but another killing ground..."

With which ominous comment I gunned the Mercedes 540-K away and we were on our way to Venice and events almost too shocking to relate...

"So this is Venice..." I mused, as my Mercedes 540-K thundered down an incredibly narrow street misnamed Speedway. "Seems to be populated by excitable people. Observe them scream and jump like madmen. And mad girls."

"I suspect," said Cin, panning her hand-held camera out the window, "that they're leaping for their lives. You're doing eighty-five, you know."

"Perhaps I'd best slow to sixty," I agreed. "So as not to attract attention. I understand there is a battle underway in this Southern California city."

"So I have also heard," said Cin, jumping to the other side of the Mercedes' rear seat to get an action shot of a little old lady leaping for her life. "Between the respectable types who want to make Venice a watery Beverly Hills, the the beatniks who want it to stay swinging."

"I'm all for the respectable types," I noted, slewing the Mercedes around a bevy of terrified children. "I'm a conservative myself, even if I did vote for that radical Goldwater in the last election. But look! I

fancy we—I mean I—are... I mean am approaching my goal."

For in all truth ahead of us loomed a big, barn-like building to which was affixed a sign reading: *Fidelia Highet-Supersonic Sound Specialist.*

"This broad is a professional hi-fi addict, I take it?" said Cin, rapidly reloading her hand-held camera.

"So my Mission Manual informs me," I grunted as I slammed on the brakes and the Mercedes 540-K burned rubber for thirty yards before halting at the exact spot I'd planned to park in.

We climbed out and knocked on the door.

"*Eeeep-gleep-snark-glonk!*" went a speaker beside the door. Then it went: "Testing, one, two, three, four. Who's that bashing at my door?"

"Open up!" I thundered. "We're from the L.A. Bureau of Decibel Control!"

"What in the world's that?" gasped Cin.

"The outfit we're supposed to be from," I hissed. "Now shut up and play it cool."

And as I finished pronouncing the word *cool* the door swung open to reveal a girl.

And what a girl!

She was long and langorous, vertically speaking. Horizontally (a position I instantly decided I'd prefer her in—with me horizontal aboard her), horizontally speaking, she jutted out in all the right directions.

Her rounded breasts thrust insolently forward against the clinging silver dress she...silver dress? Yes. The dress she was wearing was metallic and silvery. I mean, like it was made out of Reynolds Wrap or something.

Odd.

But then again, perhaps not so odd. In the last Current Fads and Topical Fashions lecture at SADISTO HQ the lecturer (and what a lecturer!), the lecturer had mentioned that metallic-looking dresses were in these days.

(Why do we have seminars in Current Fads and Topical Fashions at SADISTO HQ? A good question, one I wish you would put to the General who dreamed up the nutty scheme.)

But as I was saying, her big and brazen (but shapely) breasts jutted against the silver dress she wore, while the same silver dress was pinched tight against her tiny waist by a broad belt of copper bands.

Below the waist there was very little dress—a real mini-skirt type dress, cut high enough to show that Fidelia had luscious, ripely rounded thighs, and almost high enough for me to glimpse the illial crest of her buttocks.

Interesting.

Very interesting.

Her face was rather interesting, too, I noted, when I got around to looking at it: high cheekbones, chalk-white flesh, huge violet eyes and lemon-yellow hair which fell absolutely straight to the back of her knees.

Fidelia (for such the lemon-yellow-haired, silver-dressed chick proved to be) stared at us with mild surmise.

"You say your bell's out of control?" she queried.

"No such thing," I snapped. "I said we're from the L.A. Bureau of Decibel Control. As you know, or should know, after tackling the smog problem, our fair City of the Angels is now cracking down on excess noise."

"Cracking down on sexy boys?" questioned Fidelia.

"EXCESS NOISE!" I shouted.

"Oh," said Fidelia. "Well, there's no need to shout. I'm merely temporarily hard of hearing. Hazard of my lucrative trade, you know—stood too close to a woofer with the volume too high. Step in, folks."

We stepped in. Into a curious establishment. Fidelia's barn-like building was barn-like inside, also. And littered with electronic equipment, speakers, assembled and disassembled hi-fi sets, etc. etc.

"I run an honest if untidy electronics and sonic repair shop here," Fidelia told us. "There are some who call me the third most expert sound technician in L.A."

"Perchance," I sneered. "But the fact is," I added, while crossing my fingers, "that your neighbors have been complaining of too much noise. Which is why we're here."

"Beer? Of course," said Fidelia, opening what appeared to be the cabinet of a console hi-fi and pulling three cans of beer from the refrigerator.

Cin and I, both naturally thirsty from our trip, each accepted a can and drank deeply.

When I finished drinking deep I whipped out a notebook and pencil and penned a message for Fidelia.

"City snoopers, eh?" she gritted. "Well, snoop away. Excess noise indeed! I haven't shattered a neighbor's window in days."

"What impressive speakers!" enthused Cin, wheeling her hand-held camera to photograph some titanic loud speakers.

"Thank you," said Fidelia. "They are impressive sneakers, aren't they? Look like they're made out of Reynold's Wrap."

"Mosey around," I muttered to Cin, "and photograph what strikes you as being photogenic. I shall meanwhile question this temporarily deafened hi-fi chick."

Sullenly, Cin obeyed my orders.

I smiled ingratiatingly at Fidelia. "We have plenty of evidence you've been making sounds that annoy and even enrage your neighbors. As a dedicated unbribable civil servant," I told her, "it is my duty to bust you and your hi-fi repair shop. However, as a hot-blooded human being—male human being—I suggest we make some sort of..." I leered at her voluptuous charms, "...deal!"

"You're right," muttered Fidelia, stopping and fiddling with the controls of a hi-fi system which was playing softly, "there is a squeal. Can't figure it out. Must be some kind of metallic interference..."

Perhaps, I scribbled in my notebook, *It's your metallic dress.*

"What a perceptive and no doubt correct diagnosis!" cried Fidelia. "Excuse me while I doff this metallic dress and these metallic sneakers. So..."

And, while I gaped in astonishment and admiration, she shed her shoes and dress.

Her dress beneath which she was wearing nothing but a silver bra and silver panties.

Which she quickly stripped off.

Leaving her naked as an erotic statue.

A chalk-white, smooth-skinned, marvelously contoured erotic statue.

My kind of erotic statue...

Her flesh was flawless, perfect and unbelievably white. No doubt Fidelia's preoccupation with electronics and acoustics kept her indoors all day.

Heedless of my admiring leer, Fidelia crouched before her recalcitrant hi-fi and fiddled with its knobs, fiddling which caused her own huge knobs—if incredibly large, incredibly shapely breasts can be termed knobs—to bounce and bobble excitingly, arousingly...

Her knobs—I mean boobs—were larger than grapefruit, smoother than teflon, whiter than fresh-spilled white paint. And smack in the symmetrical center of each were a brace of frosty pink, silver dollar-sized aureoles, from the textured center of which jutted the crimson candles of her nipples.

Interesting.

Also sexually pleasing!

Fidelia wriggled a little to get at a loose wire or something, and her lemon-yellow hair shimmered and whispered over her milk-white back, her even whiter buttocks.

Delectable.

Also desirable.

But, duty first. Perchance Fidelia was the sin-drenched KRUNCH agent I sought. Well, I'd soon find out.

I leaned forward, innocently resting my hand on her milky shoulder, a hand I let stray around a little in a casual fashion.

"Anything I can do to help?" I shouted in her ear. "Like adjusting this knob and..."

"Let go that knob!" shouted Fidelia. "That's connected to a brace of dangerous speakers!"

"Dangerous speakers?" I asked, taking my hand off her knob.

"Yes. Quite a number of speakers on the market are powerful enough to kill, you know," she told me. "There've been some attempts to limit their sale, but it's useless. Any good hi-fi technician can build one."

"And they can kill people?" I said, understandably interested, since killing people is more or less my trade—skilled profession, I should say.

"You bet," said Fidelia, whose hearing appeared to be returning. "Sometimes people test them out in the desert, other times they put them aboard a boat and anchor said boat a mile off shore. Then they play the speaker by means of remote radio controls."

"Amazing," I said.

"Commonplace," said Fidelia. "If you're not careful, some of those speakers can scramble your brains from a mile away, if the wind's right. There! I've got the squeal out!"

She turned up the volume. A burst of music; then, as she turned another knob, a radio announcer saying (sans squeal) "...and today's happy story is datelined Spinner Key, where a young girl who had previously had the good fortune to win the Turkish Sweepstakes had the good luck to be blown through her boat."

"!" I surmised.

"That's right, folks," continued the radio announcer. "The good luck to be blown right through the bottom planks of her cutter. By a fluke of the explosion, Miss Spin Cutter was unhurt as she was hurled to the sea bed where she found the wreck of a Spanish galleon containing at least half a million in gold bullion.

"'*Am I happy my boat exploded from causes that may never be determined,*" gloated Miss Cutter when interviewed by the press. '*I'm rich, rich, rich!*'"

"Turn," I said coldly, "that thing off. Please."

"Tease?" murmured Fidelia, turning off the set. "I didn't shed my metallic dress and sneakers to tease or please either, for that matter. However," she purred, "as a normal, red-blooded, over-sexed, habitually nymphomaniacal girl I'm naturally delighted that my naked body interests you."

"That isn't what I said," I protested.

"Bed? Of course I have a bed," husked Fidelia. "Right through this door. See? Now, be civil to me, you civil servant!"

I wavered. Duty—or a frenzied plunge into Fidelia's milky charms?

Both, I decided. Duty second.

"Kiss me, you audiophilic fool!" I gritted.

"Cool? How can I be cool when I'm naked and passionate—passionate and insatiable?" gasped Fidelia, tearing off my clothes with unseemly disregard to popped buttons and sprung zippers.

Seconds later she had me stripped of what had once been an expensive sports outfit. And seconds after that she had dragged me down onto her bed and into her embrace.

So, shrugging, I kissed her. Kissed and clung to her, tongued her mouth as I stroked her hot white body, teased her bright red nipples, finger-combed her flowing lemon-yellow hair.

Her body was a rippling river of flesh that flowed beneath my fingers, her flesh was a gleaming glossy

tactile temptation, her wine-sweet kiss a stimulus and a promise...

Heedless of the stern call of duty, heedless of Cin who had appeared from nowhere focussing her hand-held camera, heedless of everything save the drum beat in my blood, I made tempestuous, tumultuous love to Fidelia.

I felt a twisting, uncoiling pulse of desire commence to throb low in my body, felt hot and happy hormones begin to bubble in my blood, felt my interest climb higher and higher.

She felt my interest climb too, which wasn't surprising seeing how close we were.

"Your interest is rising!" she gasped. "Let me, let me grasp this and tug it and turn it thus...and so... and—isn't that enjoyable?"

"Ulp!" I said.

Ulp, I hasten to point out, is not a remark I normally make while making it with a nude and ravishingly lovely, not to mention sex-crazed young girl. No, the reason I said ulp at that point was because Fidelia had grasped a control knob near the bed and tugged it and turned it with the result that—sound drenched us.

Strange, eerie, exotic electronic sound. Strangely erotic, weirdly sensual sound.

"Isn't that weirdly erotic and strangely sensual?" cried Fidelia.

"Almost my own thoughts," I agreed.

"It's my own invention," she enthused. "*Sounds To Sex By.* No recognizable melodies, just a shifting pattern of sexually tested electronic tones, interwoven in complex acoustically erotic patterns. I've applied for a U.S. Patent."

"Good," I frowned with a smile, "for you."

The reason I frowned was because I don't, usually, care to make love to a gorgeous naked girl with distracting sound effects. The reason I smiled was that, despite my fixed habit patterns, I could not but concede

that Fidelia's sexy electronic sounds were intriguing.

Have you ever gotten slightly drunk and turned on some real schmaltzy music, like Wagner played by Andre Kostelanetz, turned it on real loud, and then louder and louder until the music drenched you, saturated you, pervaded you? Poured through your flesh and bones, swept you away along a torrent of harmonious sound?

Then you can appreciate how Fidelia's amorous acoustics drenched me, pervaded my blood—aroused and inflamed me.

I'd read, in SADISTO's monthly house organ, that certain tones and combinations of tones had been found to be sexually stimulating to both male and female humans.

But I'd never believed it until that moment.

And it wasn't just Fidelia's sexy sounds which were turning me on. Fidelia's stroking, caressing, teasing, tugging, tickling, touching fingers were turning me on, too.

As were her firm and fully packed breasts, her lunging loins, her limber limbs.

In short, I was in the mood.

And then some...

I sighed, finding my mouth suddenly dry and reached out for her... And found her. Found her ripe-fleshed and resilient, found her eager and willing, found her ecstatic and excited.

And we met and merged, met and melded, met and had at each other...frenziedly, wantonly, cataclysmically.

And fun was had—hot, fabulous fun.

Hot, excruciatingly lascivious fun...

As her lips and my lips met and merged, met and melded, met and locked together in frantic fun games—games in which both players won.

Won wondrously, wantonly, as flesh surged against flesh, male against female, aggressivity against acceptance...

And even as I thought these thoughts my hands slid up her writhing body to grasp her heaving breasts, while I pulled my legs into a kneeling position and then thrust forward and down and in—deep into her exotic embrace.

She hissed like an erotic harpooned whale and her hips arched up off the bed, shaking me as a dog might shake a bone, lifting me, sending me...

Then her hips dropped again and I began to piston and pile-drive, to ram-rod and reciprocate like a reciprocating engine...

My fingers clutched her resilient chest fruit as I concentrated every particle of exertion I was capable of into speeding up the pounding, probing thrust of my pistoning loins.

Pure sensation saturated me, frantic desire inflamed me, odd electronic sounds washed over me...

It was too everloving much!

It was two hundred proof passion...distilled desire...concentrated rapture...

And it lasted...and lasted...and lasted.

Lasted past the point of insanity, lasted beyond belief, lasted until the pent-up pleasure pressure in my loins was almost agonizingly intense and pleasureable.

And then, amid a flourish of erotic electronic sounds, our swirling sex storm came to a climactic conclusion.

Leaving me limp. But happy.

The sounds stopped and Fidelia and I lay in blissful silence, silence broken only by our gasps for breath and the soft whir of Cin's hand-held camera...

I regained a little strength, rolled off Fidelia.

Cin scuttled back out of sight.

"That," I gasped to Fidelia, "was a pleasant way to kill a little time."

"Sublime? I'll say it was," panted Fidelia.

"Now," I said, "I have a question to put to you. Perhaps I'd best write it." I did so.

"Tropical fish? Sure," said Fidelia. "I use them in experiments. There're over here," she added, sliding gracefully off the bed and undulating toward a long work bench.

I followed her. Followed her to a five-gallon tank full of guppies.

"Observe," said Fidelia, "the result of this concentrated beam of ultrasonic sound upon these unsuspecting test fish."

"You're going to kill a lot of innocent guppies?" I cried.

"Sure. Why not? They're cheap," said Fidelia callously.

She pressed a button.

Nothing.

She frowned, adjusted a dial and—

POW!

Fish, water and fragments of the aquarium exploded in all directions.

"A bit too much power," noted Fidelia, spitting out a guppy. "What a boon to the commercial fishing industry it will be when I perfect my invention. First I attract schools of fish with soothing and/or enticing electronic sounds, then I kill 'em dead with ultrasonic vibrations, then the huge rubber hose sucks their defunct bodies out of the sea and into the ship's hold."

"Prepostrous," I said. "Also an infringement on various U.S. Patents dealing with fish pumps. But I'm not interested in guppies, only in knowing where you keep the you-know-what..."

"It's almost dark," said Fidelia. "Why don't you use the beach?"

"I mean *where do you keep your Piranhas?*" I shouted.

"Don't smoke the stuff myself," said Fidelia. I get all the kicks I require from sonic jags. And sex."

Hmmmm, I reflected. Could Fidelia really be interested only in sex and sound? Or was she the vicious KRUNCH agent, Serra S. Brandt?

Possibly yes. Who but a KRUNCH cutie would kill a lot of fun-loving guppies?

"I suspect this chick is the KRUNCH killer," whispered Cin who had sneaked up behind me. "Who else would kill a lot of tame guppies?"

"You may," I whispered tersely, "have a point. Wait for me in the Mercedes 540-K. There are some things I must do."

"Roger," said Cin.

And then I did what I had to do...

11

"WHAT DID YOU DO BACK there?" queried Cin as I gunned the Mercedes 540-K through Venice toward the L.A. Airport.

"Kissed," I said laconically, "Fidelia good-bye. The long good-bye, in this, heh, heh, case."

"You killed her?" gasped Cin.

"Certainly not," I said. "My kisses may be potent, but not that potent. No, I shall allow that fish-defuncting female to liquidate herself. At this very moment, in fact, she's no doubt turning one of her knobs and—"

"DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE, DOUBLE YOUR FUN!" thundered a voice that must have been heard in San Diego, a voice whose shock wave made the Mercedes 540-K rock, a voice which shattered windows all around us and setn sea gulls tumbling through the shredded clouds.

"What in Hollywood was that?" shrieked Cin, almost dropping her hand-held camera.

"A brace of Fidelia's dangerous speakers broadcasting a commercial at maximum volume," I chuckled. "She must have been standing only a few feet away."

"What a horrible but original way to go," said Cin. "Where now? Look out!"

I grabbed the steering wheel just in time to prevent the Mercedes 540-K from hitting a 'phone pole. "Sorry," I said. "When you asked me where we're headed I reached for my Mission Manual, momentarily forgetting I was driving a car. Ah, here we are. We head now for Seattle, Washington to interrogate Miss Arbora Sylvania..."

And off we went.

"What a sylvan scene!" said Cin as we drove slowly down a winding, tree-lined lane near Seattle. "I knew the state of Washington was full of forests, but I didn't know it was that full."

I said nothing tersely.

Then our car turned a sharp turn and ahead of us was a rustic log cabin tucked under the trees.

"Right out of Hansel and Gretel," mused Cin, taking a pan shot. "This Arbora babe really lives in the deep woods."

I parked the Mercedes 540-K and approached the door of the log cabin, knocked on same.

"Yes?" queried a female voice.

"Open up," I snapped. "We're from *Tree and Timber* magazine."

"I'll be right down," called the female voice.

"Down?" I frowned. "This cabin only has one story."

"I'm up in this tree," explained the female voice.

Cin and I looked up. And sure enough, high in a giant tree was a girl.

And what a girl!

Long black hair, long luscious legs, brazen and bountiful breasts, a rapture packed rump and golden brown flesh.

She was wearing a wide leather belt which in turn

was hooked to a loop of rope around the tree trunk. She began to climb down with a skill any linesman would envy, her high-heeled spike boots keeping her from falling.

At the base of the tree she unhooked herself and turned to smile at us.

"Forgive my casual costume," she told us. "I wasn't expecting visitors."

"Do you usually climb trees in the nude?" asked Cin, working her Zoomar lens. "Nude, that is, save for safety belt and spiked high heeled shoes?"

"In hot weather, invariably," said Arbora, for such I deduced her to be. "It's lovely and cool up there."

"Do you spend much time up trees?" I questioned.

"Every chance I get," Arbora confided. "There's something about a tree any tree that gets me right here," she added, touching her shapely left breast.

"Is that why you live in a forest?" asked Cin. "Because you dig trees?"

"Just so," said Arbora. "And am I happy to be back in my own woods, bought with the proceeds from a lucky Turkish Sweepstakes ticket I purchased."

"You've been away?" I asked suspiciously.

"In the jungles of Thailand," admitted Arbora. "As you no doubt know, the United States Defense Department's Advanced Research Projects Agency is trying to figure out why walkie-talkie radios penetrate such a short distance through tropical forests."

"Naturally I know that," I snapped, for like all SADISTO triple-zero agents I keep abreast of Government projects.

"Yes, they've been studying the biomass factor in so-called wet-dry or monsoon areas in central Thailand, and also climax forests in the same country. Climax forests are my specialty, profession-wise."

"Climax forests?" queried Cin.

"Right," said Arbora. "That's the ecological term for previously unpenetrated areas. Laymen and lay-

girls call them virgin forests for some reason."

"I," mused Cin, "had no idea forests and trees were so sex-drenched."

"There are aspects of silviculture which are almost too shocking to discuss in mixed company," Arbora conceded.

"You're a silviculturist?" said Cin.

"No," said Arbora. "For the standard botanical reference dictionary *Horlus Second,* published by the MacMillan Company, $14.95, defines silviculture as the cultivation of trees as part of a forest. Arboriculture, on the other hand, is defined as the cultivation of trees as individuals. Naturally I'm an arboriculturist."

"Hmmm," I said. "You think of trees as individuals?"

"I most certainly do," Arbora assured us. "I've never met two alike, I can tell you. That Sequoia I was fondling when you arrived is a real mixed up adolescent. Sequoias remain adolescents until they're about eight hundred years old, you know."

"I didn't," I said, frowning. "Frankly there's something about the idea of a tree living a couple of thousand years that bugs me. Like why should some stupid—some lovely tree live all that long when I won't?"

"A very selfish point of view," snapped Arbora. "You, sir, are no tree lover. Nor are you from *Tree and Timber* magazine, I suspect. Be good enough to state your real business fast. Or I'll scalp you. And your camera-crazed consort."

"You're an Indian?" I said.

"That is correct. I'm a Blackfoot. My real name is Flowering Tree, but I Americanized it to Arbora Sylvania. You were about to say?" she added, picking up a hatchet I hadn't noticed.

"I was about," I said quickly, "to ask if you have any fish in your cabin. Or in the woods."

"Why, yes," said Arbora, dropping her hatchet. "Come, I'll show them to you."

And, after signaling Cin to wait, I followed Arbora into her rustic log cabin.

And there on a rustic log table was a goldfish bowl. Containing two goldfish.

"Where's the—that is, where are your Piranha fish?" I demanded.

Arbora gave me a look. "You got sunstroke or something? I don't have any Piranha fish. And never hope to have one. Give me a stout-hearted tree any time. Trees never bite people."

"One bit me once," I muttered, recalling an almost incredible adventure I'd had the year before. "But I shot it before it got a good grip on me."

"You shot a tree?" gasped Arbora.

"Shot it dead," I boasted. "Q Section at SAD—I mean, a friend made me some special bullets. Hollow-nosed slugs containing concentrated plant killer—2, 4 D, I believe it was. Trees, as I'm sure you know, are extremely sensitive to plant-killing chemicals. With one burst from my drum magazine I shot thirty trees dead."

Arbora said nothing but her eyes took on a funny look.

"Of course," I continued, "they didn't drop dead on the spot. They died slowly and no doubt painfully. Most likely being shot in the trunk, to a tree, is rather like a man being shot in the stomach."

I waited for a reaction. I was, of course, deliberately trying to enrage Arboar. For, I reasoned, an enraged person—even an enraged KRUNCH agent—is very likely to speak or shout without thinking and thereby let slip a clue or clues.

Arbora surprised me. She merely shrugged and smiled. And said: "You must be hungry after your drive. Would you like me to cook you a meal?"

"Why—thank you, but no thanks," I said. "I'm not hungry. For food, that is," I added, letting my eyes slide down her all but nude body.

"You hunger for my...sweet as a paw-paw body?" murmured Arbora.

"In a word, yes," I breathed.

"Then slake your hunger, stranger," whispered Arbora, suggestively unbuckling her safety belt and kicking off her high-heeled spiked shoes.

And, moments later, we were in each other's arms, rolling ardently on a bed of—pine needles?

"Why do you sleep and sex on pine needles?" I queried as my hands roamed over her golden brown breasts, her golden brown thighs and buttocks.

"Because," crooned Arbora, momentarily removing her ripe lips from my tingling skin, "I'm basically a wild, primitive child of nature. Kiss me, you civilized fool!"

And I kissed her.

And had at her, as she had at me.

And it was golden and glowing and pagan and passionate while it lasted.

And it lasted an hour and fifteen minutes.

"What stamina you have for a city boy," gasped Arbora as we lay panting on the sweat-drenched pine needles afterward. "I must confess I haven't had so much fun since I shot a tree-molesting woodpecker. But now I fear it's time to say good-bye. The long good-bye," she added, reaching under a rustic log television cabinet for a rustic but deadly looking hatchet.

"Stop!" I cried. "Have you flipped or something? You just got through..."

"Serving you your last meal," hissed Arbora, swinging at my skull and fortunately missing as I leaped back. "I understand it's traditional to offer people a last meal before executing them," she added, slicing at my throat. "And I'm going to chop you up good, you rotten tree killer you! Shooting innocent trees in the

back with 2, 4 D! On guard!"

She swung at me again.

So, shrugging, I did what I had to do.

And since I knew as much about dirty fighting as she did about trees, the outcome was never in doubt...

"Was she or wasn't she?" Cin demanded, as we roared off through the forest. "The KRUNCH agent, I mean."

"It's a toss-up," I admitted. "A lonely forest like that, no doubt full of ponds, would be an ideal place to breed cold-water Piranha fish. On the other hand, she didn't strike me as a fishy type. However, I couldn't, of course, give her the benefit of the doubt."

"How did you kill her?" Cin asked.

"Ingeniously," I said. "I knocked her cold, then filed her high-heeled spike shoes almost through at every spike. The next time she climbs a tree—splat!"

"Maybe so," said Cin. "Or maybe not so. While waiting for you in the car I had the radio on. Guess who had her head in a total silence chamber when her dangerous speakers went off full volume? Shattering every window and even cracking the rock strata directly below her building. Thereby opening up a thought to be dry oil well in her back yard and making her filthy rich."

"Like I said earlier," I frowned, "you can't win 'em all."

"You're not by any chance the hundred and forty-second fastest gun at SADISTO, are you?" sneered Cin. "Where now, hot-shot?"

I consulted my Mission Manual.

"Fort Worth, Texas," I said. "Where we check out—the double entendre was intended—one Flair Hygeia."

And, after we'd driven the Mercedes 540-K into the huge SADISTO cargo jet, we winged toward Fort Worth...

"Let me cope with this cutie alone," I told Cin as I parked in front of an imposing house just North of Fort Worth. "We're running short of time, so I'll make this quiz and/or kill brief."

"Right," said Cin. "If you can lure her out on the lawn before you kill her, I'd appreciate it. The footage I have so far is pretty tame."

"I'll see," I said, "what I can do."

I walked up the front steps, rang the bell. Instantly the door swung open to reveal a girl.

And what a girl!

Fair of face and flesh, tawny-tressed and stacked. Her body was sumptuously, opulently ripe. Ripe but not fat, I hasten to add. Unless you consider Jayne Mansfield or Anita Ekberg fat, and no sane man would.

Not too much of her fair flesh was visible, unfortunately, for she was clad in a clinging white dress which matched her white socks and white shoes. Also the white ribbon in her hair and her white gloves.

"I'd sure like to rip those white duds off you, baby, and piston the passion out of you on a well-sprung bed," I said smiling, in Turkish (a language I, as a trained SADISTO agent, of course speak fluently).

In English I said: "I'm from the Turkish Sweepstakes, making a routine check to make sure you got your money okay."

"But yes," said Flair (which name was stitched in white over her left booby). "Months ago, in fact. I've spent it all, too. But do come in. You must be tired after your long flight from Turkey."

I followed her inside, looked around. A very fancy pad, I noted. Ultramodern in every respect.

"Have," said Flair, "a drink. Or do Turks drink?"

"Some Turks do and some Turks don't," I informed her. "I drink Scotch. A few rocks and a little water added, please."

While she fixed a brace of drinks I looked around

some more. A really ultramodern house. Like out of a science fiction movie.

"You an interior designer?" I asked.

"I am indeed," said Flair proudly. "Here's your drink. Have a seat. I'll be right back, and we can have a chat. But right now..."

An ultramodern ship's clock struck four bells.

"...it's shower time."

"You take a shower at this hour?" I asked.

"I take fifteen or more showers a day," Flair told me proudly. "The Polynesians bathe that often, you know. Why shouldn't we Americans keep equally clean?"

"Polynesians," I said, speaking from first-hand (and passion-packed) knowledge, "live mostly outdoors, wear little clothing and are surrounded, in Tahiti at least, by lagoons, ponds and streams. Which makes it easy for them to bathe all the time."

"Exactly!" cried Flair. "We should make it equally easy for Americans to bathe more often."

This chick is some kind of cleanliness nut, I decided, taking in her spotless white dress, socks, shoes, hair ribbon and gloves.

"I suppose in a way I'm a bit of a nut on the subject of cleanliness," Flair smiled. "But I like to lead a clean life. After all, cleanliness is..."

"Later," I snapped, "for the lecture. I'm a bit pressed for time. Do you keep fish?"

"Doesn't everyone?" said Flair. "My sailfin platies are..."

"I'm not interested in your platies," I said coldly. "I'm interested in knowing where the you-know-what is."

Flair smiled. A rueful smile. "Open any door," she confessed. "The house is full of them."

"Just," I sneered, "as I suspected." And indeed I had already just about concluded that Flair was the KRUNCH agent—a fancy, expensive pad (just as most

KRUNCH agents have), a fixation on water (and Piranhas swim in water), etc. etc.

I whipped out my Walther PPK and leveled the bulbous silencer at her heart. "Let me see," I snarled. "And don't try any tricks. You go first through that door in case it's booby-trapped."

"What," squeaked Flair as she put her shapely hands high in the air, "kind of nut are you? But if you insist. This way."

And, with a shove of one shapely foot, she opened a door. I followed at a safe distance, and found myself inside a bathroom.

"This is the bathroom," I snapped.

"I thought that was what you wanted to see," protested Flair.

"Wisecracks will get you nowhere," I grated. "Let's try another door and this time I want to see fish, understand?"

"Yes, yes," cried Flair, opening another door.

I followed her in quickly, swinging my gun in an arc to cover every part of—another bathroom?

Yes. This one with a huge fish tank built into one wall. A fish tank full of mollies, platies and angel fish.

"Do you want to see the others?" trembled Flair, her lovely gloved hands still held high. "There are forty in the house all told."

"Forty bathrooms?" I gasped.

"Yes!" cried Flair. "As you know, I'm an interior designer. Bathrooms are my specialty. I'm devoting my life to glorifying the American bathroom. It sure needs it. Did you know that a recent seven-year survey made by Cornell University concluded that American bathrooms are hopelessly antiquated, dangerous and poorly engineered? I knew that years ago."

"I" I reflected.

"Yes," continued Flair, a fanatical gleam in her eyes, "and I have perfected fixtures which are years

ahead of those proposed by Cornell. Observe this bathtub—glorified almost beyond recognition. A complete private room within a room. Slide back these sliding glass doors and admire the contoured bathtub with back rest, head rest and foot rest. Also built in TV, bar and waterproof telephone. Likewise air conditioning and Musak.

"Notice the sliding shower heads, the dial controls, the computer-set temperature-adjusting equipment, the mechanical back scrubber, the sun lamp, the..."

"Why," I said, "talk when you can demonstrate?"

"How true!" cried Flair, flinging off her white dress, socks and shoes.

Moments later, gloriously nude, she leaped into her glorified bathtub and...

"Eeeek!"

I caught her just in time.

"Slipped on the damn soap," she apologized as I held her nude contours close to my already aroused body. "I'll have to invent a non-skid soap. Maybe add sand or gravel to it or... But later for my hygenic and safety breakthroughs. It's shower time. Why don't you join me? There's plenty of room for two."

So, shrugging, I shed my clothes and joined her.

And what good clean fun we had... What sexy, soapy games we played while jets of water sprayed us erotically from every angle.

For an hour or more we made liquid love in a tub designed for desire.

But then I heard an ultramodern ship's bell strike and I knew I must away.

So I did what I had to do and left, shutting my ears to Flair's frantic screams...

"we've plunged right into a huge concrete tank full of deadly Piranha fish!"

"So we have," I frowned, after I'd spat out some water. "I had a feeling this was going to be one of those missions..."

And through the water like a thousand tiny torpedos, the Piranhas sped toward our naked bodies.

Safely out of the Piranha infested breeding tank, we crouched behind a concrete-block building and cased the scene.

The Fish Farm of the Rising Sun was a large establishment, fortunately for us. Not as large as some of the fish farms down South, which may have more than a thousand huge fish tanks, but big enough.

Also fortunately for us, most of the fish ponds were inside concrete-block buildings. It gets cold in Des Moines in the winter—so we had some cover at least.

"What a terrible predicament to be in," whispered Cin, loading a new roll of film into her hand-held camera. "Naked and without a lethal weapon between us. And surrounded by Piranha fish and bloodthirsty KRUNCH guards..."

"After a few hundred hazardous assignments," I muttered, "you get pretty blase about terrible predicaments. Look!"

"What a striking shot that will make!" she gasped, raising her hand-held camera.

And a striking shot it would indeed make. Floodlights had just been turned on, illuminating a tall water tower. And as I watched and Cin photographed, the metal sides to the square tank opened out to form a flat platform—mounted on which was a war-surplus German 88 millimeter all-purpose gun. The gun swung slowly in an arc, a searchlight bolted to its casing moving with it.

And sitting astride the gun's controls was a girl—

"According to my Mission Manual, her name is—Serra S. Brandt."

Cin's jaw fell open. "Repeat that," she gasped. I did so. "Do you mean to say," she goggled, "that we've been quizzing and killing or trying to kill chick after chick in order to find a KRUNCH agent called Serra Brandt—and her name and address was in your Mission Manual all the time?"

"That's about the size of it," I agreed. "Funny coincidence, eh? These little goofs will happen from time to time. You see, for security reasons, these new Mission Manuals—an idea stolen from the American Automobile Association's Trip-Tik books—are prepared by voluptuous triple-zero agents with no knowledge of the mission's purpose."

"And you," said Cin, "never thought to leaf through the Manual before ravishing and slaughtering your way across North America?"

"Frankly no," I said. "Since last month, that is, when the General began his *Go By The Book* campaign. I just start at page one and work my way through. Still, all's well that ends well. Our long search is ended and the grisly conclusion is close at hand. A conclusion you may photograph, if you so desire."

"I can hardly wait," gloated Cin. "Des Moines, here we come!"

And so it proved.

Scant hours later we dropped in on the Fish Farm of the Rising Sun. Literally.

"How come we're parachuting down instead of using the Mercedes 540-K?" shouted Cin.

"A modification notice arrived from Q-Section while you were dozing," I told her. "Seems they found out that under certain conditions our modified 540-K will shoot fifty caliber bullets into the driver and passenger through the cigarette lighter plug. In short, until a minor modification is made, the car is unsafe while standing still."

"Oh," said Cin, wriggling a little—a movement which aroused my interest to say the least. For, since we'd discovered that the SADISTO cargo jet had only one chute aboard, we'd had to share a chute. That is, I wore the chute harness and Cin had wrapped herself around me—her legs around my hips, her arms around my neck.

"Why are you frowning?" murmured Cin. "I think it's kind of fun, 'chuting down stark naked wrapped around a lusty member of the opposite sex. Do you triple-zero agents always parachute into danger naked?"

"No," I said. "Only considering that this chute must carry both of us, plus the sack of lethal weapons and gadgets I have tied over my shoulder Santa-Claus style, I decided to cut excess weight to the minimum. Clothes are expendable."

"Also they get in the way," murmured Cin, squeezing me with her arms and legs.

I gasped with sheer delight and stroked her smooth back and smoother thighs while her lips browsed over my shoulders and her muscles pulsed and squeezed like—well, like only a talented girl's internal muscles can...

And Cin was as talented as they come.

Momentarily, I forgot the dark and forbidding fish farm toward which we were dropping; momentarily, I forgot everything save the throbbing thrill her suggestive squeezing invoked in me.

And soon, all too soon I saw more stars than were in the sky, saw blazing rockets and fiery cannon shells. screaming up toward us?"

"You're right," I said. "Obviously Serra Brandt and her KRUNCH kohorts have spotted us and opened up with everything they've got. Don't stop now, for heaven's sake! If we have to go, let's go in style, eh?"

"Right," shivered Cin as she wrestled her hand-held camera out of its sling and started photographing

the colorful streaks of tracer bullets and the sullen flaring rockets which were flashing by us.

"What are you doing?" she panted a moment later. "With your hands, that is?"

"Pulling loose a few flares from my lethal-gadget sack," I grunted, while my brain reeled from the bliss that was welling out in waves from my loins. I flung a brace from me.

"Is that wise?" panted Cin, who was also half-delerious with erotic excitement. "I mean, they'll be able to see us better and aim better."

"True we stand a better chance of being machine-gunned to gory fragments," I conceded. "But observe those two rockets rushing toward us and now swerving toward those two blazing flares!"

BLAM! BLAM!

"Heat seeking missiles," I explained as I sank my fingers deep into the rich flesh of her rump, pulling her hard against me as her muscles thudded and pulsed ever faster. "Because the flares are hotter than our bodies, they blew up the flares instead of us."

"It's hard to believe my superheated body isn't warmer than any flare," gasped Cin, hugging me, kissing me and panning her hand-held camera at the same time. "They sure have a lot of guns and rockets for a fish farm."

"KRUNCH spends lavishly," I agreed. "They use good stuff, too," I noted as a six-inch rocket howled by us, fortunately without detonating.

And then I forgot detonating rockets as I felt my own ardor detonate frenziedly, fabulously as Cin screamed and clawed my back with one hand (the other was panning her hand-held camera), and sank her teeth deep into my shoulder as spasm after spasm of total pleasure jolted her body and my body...

"How exciting if dangerous all this is," gasped Cin a moment later, withdrawing her teeth from my shoulder. "I'd heard that extreme peril arouses the sexual urge in both men and girls, but I never realized it aroused said urge so high!"

"True, very true," I agreed.

Meanwhile we were floating lower and lower, bullets flashing around us.

Suddenly— "I've been hit!" screamed Cin. "Hit in the worst possible place to be hit!"

"Where?" I gasped. "Is it bad?"

"No—no it's okay," sighed Cin. "The bullet merely nicked my hand-held camera. The mechanism is still working fine and the lens doesn't have a scratch."

"Good," I said. "I thought for a moment... I've been hit! In the worst place a SADISTO agent can be hit in!"

"Your lethal gadget-filled sack?" cried Cin.

"How did you know?" I asked.

"I can see your lethal gadgets pouring out like confetti. Maybe some of them will blow up the fish farm. And fish farmers."

"One bullet wouldn't rip that large a hole," I muttered. "My lethal-gadget sack must have been hit earlier and I didn't know it at the time. I only hope that..."

"What?" said Cin.

"Nothing," I said casually. For I didn't want to panic her by mentioning the grisly thought which had occurred to me—a grisly thought which proved all too correct...

Meanwhile, we continued to float down, a little more slowly now since my lethal-gadget bag had completely emptied itself through the bullet holes. Fortunately we had drifted away from most of the guns and rocket-launching sites, and various buildings on the fish farm gave us some protection.

We might make a safe landing after all, unless we—

SPLASH!

"Help, help!" screamed Cin, letting go, treading water and holding her hand-held camera up in the air,

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"HOW DID YOU DEAL with that doll?" Cin wanted to know as we roared away. "I thought you were going to lure her out on the lawn to liquidate her for the benefit of my hand-held camera and *Mondo SADISTO*."

"I devised a better way," I said. "Did you ever see that Peter Arno cartoon where the man is swimming frantically inside a shower stall with a stuck handle?"

"Hundreds of times," Cin told me.

"That cartoon is now being lived out in real life," I said. "Poor Flair. Locked inside her own glass-walled Bathtub of Tomorrow. With the water rising higher and higher. It must be up to her huge but shapely boobs by now."

"What an awful if clean way to go..." noted Cin, replacing a lens cap. "Where now?"

I consulted my Mission Manual. "Only one more chick to check on. We're to jet to Des Moines, where a business known as the Fish Farm of the Rising Sun is operated by a girl named—hmmmm..."

"A girl named what?" said Cindy.

and what a girl!

Even at that distance I could see that she was incredibly shapely. Also, apparently, nude. And silver.

"That girl is silver plated," I commented.

"Silver body make-up," muttered Cin. "Routine in Hollywood. Though a little baroque for everyday wear."

"KRUNCH agents, the top agents at least, are prone to flamboyant costumes and behavior," I whispered.

Then we ducked as the searchlight beam swung past us. At least I ducked. Cin, the footage-crazed fool, kept right on taking pictures. I jerked her down fast, flung her bodily ten feet along a stretch of grass, dived after her myself.

KAH-BLAM!

The 88 spouted flame and a huge hole appeared in the concrete-block building we'd been hiding behind. Water gushed out in a raging torrent—water full of flopping, snapping Piranha fish a foot long...thousands of Piranha fish!

"Look at them leap and snap their razor-sharp jaws!" gulped Cin. "What horrible vitality those Piranhas have!"

KAH-BLAM!

The 88 roared again, and another huge chunk of the building vanished and more water and Piranha fish poured out.

"If all eight hundred of these huge concrete buildings are packed with cold-water acclimated Piranhas," I groaned. "There's enough fish-killing power right here in Windy—I mean Des Moines, to decimate half the boating, swimming and wading population of North America. And when they start to breed..."

"I," said Cin, "still can't understand why those Piranhas didn't eat us when we fell into that huge tank full of them."

"Possibly," I said, "because the Piranha repellent SADISTO's C-Section whipped up and we rubbed over

our naked bodies worked. More likely that particular tank of fish had just been fed. Only hungry Piranha fish attack. Though they get hungry again fast."

"They are hiding in Section Eight!" a female voice boomed over a loud speaker. "All guards deploy! Take no prisoners! Kill them all! Don't leave a single SADISTO man or girl alive! And if any SADISTO children came with them, kill them too!"

"Isn't she the mean one?" said Cin, lifting her eyes and hand-held camera over the parapet we were hiding behind and aiming her camera.

KAH-BLAM!

An 88 shell whistled by inches above her head, the wind of its passing ruffling her hair.

"I wonder if that shell will show on the film?" mused Cin, who hadn't flinched an inch. She was sure dedicated when it came to documentary movie making.

"This way!" I whispered, loping along behind a packing house. "Let's head for the aquatic plant building. There may be some tools there we can use to—shhh!"

"Don't *shhh* me!" snapped Cin. "There are no guards within earshot, and with those machine guns popping off as they fire at shadows, they couldn't hear us anyway. Why are you wasting time picking up that ball-point pen? At a time like—glop!"

The reason she said *glop* was that I'd just slapped my hand over her ripe lips at the same instant that I hurled the pen-shaped gadget as far as I could.

"What's the big idea?" raged Cin. "How dare you clap your virile hand over my feminine mouth? Why did you grab and then fling away that silver ball-point pen? What strange compulsion swept over you? Surely not the sexual urge—"

WHAM!

"A bomb just exploded right where you hurled that silver ball point pen!" cried Cin.

"That," I said grimly, "was no silver ball-point pen, though it was cunningly fashioned by Q-Section to resemble one—it'll even write under water! No, that was one of my lethal gadgets. An acoustically triggered bomb, to be exact. You detonated it when you spoke the phrase *sexual urge*!"

"I," said Cin dazedly, "don't understand!"

"It's very simple," I whispered. "These bombs are vocally set and vocally triggered. To set one you simply speak or whisper a word or phrase. Then, when your voice and your voice alone repeats that word or phrase the bomb goes off."

"And these are the lethal gadgets that fell out of your lethal gadget sack?" exclaimed Cin.

"Right. The same lethal gadget sack that was evidently struck by a bullet or bullets even before it dumped its contents all over this fish farm."

"You mean..." hazarded Cin.

"Exactly. The impact of that bullet or bullets activated the bombs. Each and every one has been set by a word or phrase you or I used while we were floating down by parachute making love and being shot at. Try, as best you can, not to speak a single word which we used during that time."

"But I don't remember all we said!" moaned Cin. "Except, for one. I remember noting that they sure had a lot of guns and rockets for a fish—"

WHAM!

An acoustic bomb exploded ten feet away—fortunately in a fish tank. Water and fragmented Piranhas flew in all directions.

"That bomb had been set by your use of the word *fish*," I told her. "Try, please, not to use any words that you uttered while we were being shot at by guided—"

WHAM!

We ducked as flowers and turf and screaming shrapnel fragments whizzed around us.

"That bomb was activated by your second use of

the word *guided,"* hissed Cin, brushing soil from her hand-held camera. "Watch your own words, smarty. Look out! Here they come!"

Sure enough, around the corner of a concrete building charged half a dozen KRUNCH guards, looking for all the world like extras working a *Man From Uncle* show. But these characters, I knew, were toting real sub-machine guns with real bullets.

I looked around quickly. No silver acoustic bombs in sight. No way of escape, either.

"There's only one thing to do," I hissed to Cin. "We know those damn bombs are scattered all over this fish farm. There are no more near us, but there well may be some near those KRUNCH killers. Our only chance of surviving is to start shouting as many words as we can remember having used while we were floating down beneath that parachute."

"Yes, yes!" agreed Cin, squinting through her camera sight at the guards who had not yet spotted us. "But what did we say while we were making love? I can't remember!"

"Neither can I, drat it," I muttered. "There's only one thing we can do. Recreate the situation."

"Good thinking!" whispered Cin.

"Since we don't have a parachute," I hissed, "I'll simply stand up, so. Now you spring up and around me. That's right. And I'll hold you close to me while you wrap your luscious legs around my lower body and your arms around my neck, while you wriggle a bit until—ah—that's it! That's perfect! Also erotically satisfying. Now, as I recall..."

"I was squeezing you with my talented muscles," cried Cin, proceeding to do just that. "It's all coming back to me now!"

"Look!" shouted an amazed KRUNCH guard. "Look at those two incredibly cool but obviously lust-crazed SADISTO agents, casually making love in the nude, oblivious to the fact that we're armed with tommy guns!"

"Start talking!" I hissed to Cin.

"I remember now!" she cried. "I said: *'It's hard to believe my superheated body isn't warmer than a flare!'*"

"Louder!" I implored her.

"IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE MY SUPERHEATED BODY ISN'T WARMER THAN A FLARE!" shouted Cin.

"Aren't they the casual ones," snickered a particularly brutal-looking KRUNCH guard. "Shouting words of love at each other even as we raise our sub-machine guns and take careful aim, preparatory to pulling the triggers and cutting them to ribbons!"

"KRUNCH SPENDS LAVISHLY!" I shouted. "THEY USE GOOD—"

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM!

As I spoke, or rather shouted, the word *good* three bombs exploded at the same time—right under the cruel KRUNCH guards. Fragments of KRUNCH agents and parts of sub-machine guns flew in all directions.

Fortunately none hit us, for we were by now too carried away by our love-making to even think about taking evasive action.

Instead I staggered blissfully on my feet, oblivious of the fact that I was carrying Cin's weight as well as mine, conscious only of the hot sweetness of her luscious legs around my body, the exquisitely soft pressure of her breasts against my chest, the pulsing fervor of her muscles...

"How exciting if dangerous all this is!" gasped Cin as our superheated bodies detonated simultaneously. "I've heard that extreme peril—"

WHAM!

We toppled to the grass, fortunately uninjured by the bomb we'd overlooked.

But we couldn't afford to spend too much time resting and smiling at each other. Moments later, in

fact, we were up and running for our lives again, a howling troupe of KRUNCH guards hard at our heels hurling insults and firing bursts of sub-machine gun bullets at us.

"KRUNCH SPENDS LAVISHLY!" I shouted as I ran.

"EXTREME PERIL AROUSES THE SEXUAL URGE!" screamed Cin.

"I'VE BEEN HIT IN THE WORST PLACE A SADISTO AGENT CAN BE HIT IN!"

"We must have wounded one of them!" crowed one of our pursuers.

"IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE MY SUPERHEATED BODY—"

WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! WHAM! At the sound of Cin's spoken word *body*, a string of acoustic bombs went off—totally demolishing the KRUNCH guards behind us.

"You realize," gasped Cin as we continued to run, "that we stand an even chance of being blown up by one of our own bombs?"

"Better a fifty-fifty chance than no chance at all!" I gasped as we ducked inside a building. I looked around. Fish tanks. I looked at the label. DANGER! Live *Serrasalmus orandti*, the label read. Piranha fish! Well, we'd just have to hope none jumped out of their tanks at us.

Quickly I led the way to the end of the building, set to work doing what I had to do if we were to survive.

"Why," whispered Cin, "are you taking charcoal out of that fish tank filter, fooling with that plastic-lidded coffee can and now ripping electrical fixtures from the wall?"

"Charcoal is carbon," I told her. "Like they use in carbon mikes. This plastic diaphragmed coffee can is now a crude microphone. Now to hook this rig to this cable—there! Now, tell me again about your superheated body."

"At a time like this you want me to whisper erotic enticements?" queried Cin.

"Not whisper—shout!" I urged.

Shrugging, Cin shouted: "MY SUPERHEATED BODY...say," she gasped. "Listen! My voice is reverberating all over the fish farm!"

"Of course!" I snarled. "I hooked my crude mike into Serra's loudspeaker system. Say it again, Sam—I mean Cin."

"Right," said Cin. "MY SUPERHEATED BODY—"

WHAM-WHAM-WHAM... WHAM-WHAM-WHAM!!!

All over the fish farm acoustic bombs detonated. We could see fish tank after fish tank explode into water and flame. Then, dramatically, the steel tower, one support blasted away, began to topple slowly and majestically toward the ground far below. And atop the tower was the 88 mm gun and the silver-bodied, evil hearted KRUNCH schemer, Serra Brandt!

Screaming with rage and frustration she fell right into—

SPLASH!

Cin zoomed in her camera lens as horrible screams and the sound of hundreds of Piranhas chomping on human flesh reached our ringing ears. Serra S. Brandt had fallen victim to her own evil scheme. Or, to put it another way, girls who mess with girl-eating fish usually end up feeding their fish the hard way.

I stuck my head out the window, looked around. The Fish Farm of the Rising Sun was a smoking, steaming ruin. A few surviving KRUNCH guards ran panic stricken across the grounds, KRUNCH guards whose lives I spared, chiefly because I didn't have a gun.

"Well that wraps up the caper," I noted. "Another day, another horrible peril to the Free World, as SADISTO knows it, eliminated. Shall we go?"

"Might as well," agreed Cin. "I'm out of film."

So we went.

But all that happened a long time ago—several weeks ago at least. And since that time I've been on many perilous, hazardous, sex-drenched missions. Looting, ravishing, killing and seducing.

Though only for the ultimate benefit of the Free World as SADISTO knows it, of course.

Cin and I had flown back to SADISTO's HQ beneath the rolling hills of Maryland, she to develop her film and take some interior shots, I to report to the General.

We'd had a brief but torrid farewell—Cin and I, not the General—and then I'd put the whole incident from my mind.

What brought it back to mind and incidentally stirred me to recording this minor yet typical mission on paper was an incident that took place this morning.

Two incidents, in fact. The first was a copy of a weekly news magazine I chanced to leaf through in bed. Under the heading *Some People Have All the Luck* it cited, among other depressing examples, the case of a lady tree expert near Seattle who fell three feet from a tree when her high-heeled spike shoes gave way—fell feet first into a rich lode of silver.

Under the heading New Products it noted that a leading plumbing fixture maker had paid one Flair Hygeia a million dollars for a still top-secret bathtub invention, Miss Hygeia was quoted as saying that, like Archimedes, she got most of her best ideas in the bathtub, and had gotten this inspiration while temporarily locked in her tub by a dark, saturnine madman.

I read the items with mixed emotion. On the one hand I was just as glad Arbora and Flair were still alive and kicking—with incredibly shapely legs; on the other hand, it was a bit depressing to realize that, in six tries, I'd only succeeded in liquidating one chick.

And Cin and the Piranha fish had assisted me with that one.

But it was the second incident that took place this morning that really shook me.

A horrible, nightmarish incident that haunts me like a spectre still...

I'd been in the General's office, reporting.

"Mission accomplished, General," I'd said. "It'll be a long time before KRUNCH again tries to smuggle unlicensed elephants across the Alps, believe me. Incidentally, what shall I do with the contraband elephants I confiscated?"

"Feed them hay and water them twice a day until we can find good homes for them," said the General. "Turning to another matter, you recall that Cinematia Scopes girl who worked with you some weeks ago?"

"Believe I do," I conceded.

"Well, she's sneak-previewed *Mondo SADISTO* in La Jolla. Looks like its going to be one of the hit pix of the year. Socko B.O.—that's box office—*Variety* predicts. So naturally she..."

"Oh no!" I groaned.

"...wants to make a sequel. Any day now, expect to cooperate to the hilt, repeat hilt, with Miss Scopes in filming *Son of Mondo SADISTO*. She...where are you going, 0008?"

"If SADISTO needs sons," I said, "I'll get started on the project at once."

And I did...

THE END